

A black and white photograph of Mao Zedong sitting in a large, upholstered chair in his study. He is wearing a dark, high-collared Mao suit. Behind him, a large bookshelf is filled with books, many of which have small, white, rectangular tags attached to their spines. The tags are densely packed, creating a textured background. The overall lighting is somewhat dim, highlighting Mao's face and the texture of his suit.

LIFE

NIXON IN THE LAND OF MAO

MARCH 3 • 1972 • 50¢

The Chairman in his study,
with shelves
of tagged Chinese books

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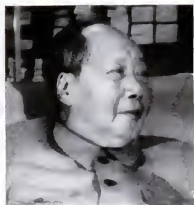
Opel 1900 Sport Coupe

**Buick's Opel.
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Nixon's Great Leap into China



Rotund and jovial, the great revolutionary welcomed Richard Nixon to his private study as if the United States and China had been warm friends for the last quarter century, instead of bitter enemies. It was the extraordinary beginning of the most extraordinary week in the history of personal presidential diplomacy. Only an hour or two later, Nixon was locked in intense discussion with Chairman Mao Tse-tung's chief associate, Premier Chou En-lai (opposite).



This one



WLGA-HAZ-K6WE





Through the scarlet-carpeted, Soviet-style splendors of the Great Hall of the People, the Nixons ascend to the banquet given for them by Chou En-lai on the first night of their stay in Peking.



Photographed by JOHN DOMINIS



The banquet had eight courses on the menu and many more on the table. A band played a medley of Chinese and American tunes (including *Turkey in the Straw*). Afterward came



the toasts, beginning with Chou and Nixon (left). Then, in a burst of geniality, the President moved from table to table randomly offering his respects to Chinese dignitaries (above).



While the President was occupied with matters of state, Pat Nixon seized the opportunity to have a good look at China—and let the Chinese have a look at her. There was a visit to the Peking Zoo, where she saw a panda (top above), and to a commune, where she struck up a tentative acquaintance with a pig (above). And in the kitchen of the Peking Hotel she talked to workers (right) and received a chrysanthemum with a grasshopper on it—carved out of a big radish (opposite).





A President wrapped in an enigma

PEKING

Nothing has swallowed up the presidency like China. Richard Nixon is linked to America by his electronic umbilical and an occasional courier plane carefully shepherded up from Shanghai, but those TV pictures America gets with the morning eggs are deceptive. Nixon is farther away than he seems, in a realm less accessible than any of us thought. There is so much meaning in what he is doing that for the moment there is almost no meaning.

He came in vast silence. It was the only such welcome for a President in history, and it was stunning. We stood under a cloudless sky hearing only the sound of each other's voices and an occasional truck in the distance. *The Spirit of '76* split the hush, snarled up to the small figure of Chou En-lai. Then the silence again. One could hear the Nixons' voices 30 yards away. The panoply of presidential power that has brought whole cities into the street cheering was shrunken to a few people, a little uncertain and no more impressive than the rest of us. Nixon going "uhhh" and talking about his inner clock. Chou's eyes steady and catlike.

The soft purr of well-oiled limousines caused a few heads to turn in the near-empty streets but that too passed almost instantly, and the most powerful nation on earth was suddenly headless. Richard Nixon, number one "imperialist running dog" for more years than one cares to remember, was off there somewhere minus helicopters, gunboats, jets, armies, police, Secret Service and Spiro Agnew, in the chambers of Mao Tse-tung, scourge of freedom and international "bandit," the man who for two decades had at least as much to do with the shape of American foreign policy as any President or the Congress.

There wasn't a ripple in the city. The band of American reporters huddled on the steps of the Great Hall of the People in the late afternoon cold, a surrealistic tableau of the press in search of a President. It was rush hour and now and then one could hear the toot of an official auto or the snort of a bus. Mostly, though, there was the thin whirr of bicycles, and when the sun went down so did that tiny sound. Silence again. Even at the great banquet which Chou gave for Nixon, in the spaces between the music and toasting there was the sense of separation, of distance and wonder. The tables were like islands in some strange sea. Seated way off there at one of them was right-wing columnist William Buckley, staring at the gigantic U.S. and China flags side by side on the back drop. He seemed in mild shock to find himself there, just then, in such company. Even farther in the distance was Nixon, trying his chopsticks on shark's fin in three shreds, up on the stage of this cavernous hall taking back everything he had said about the old adversary China for the last 20 years, loping from table to table, clinking, bowing slightly, toasting the prime minister while the central band of the People's Liberation Army played *America the Beautiful*. When he sat down he leaned over and said how beautiful the

music had been. Chou leaned back and murmured, "That was the song they played at your inaugural. I thought you would like it for tonight."

There was Pat Nixon in her red coat, a blaze against the somber blue and black worn by Chinese women, poking through the kitchen of the Peking Hotel (which has 115 chefs and helpers), declaring she was going to learn to cook Peking duck, which she didn't, and revealing that during those mysterious meetings her husband had abandoned his cottage cheese diet. She wandered through the Summer Palace, the old imperial precincts just west and north of the city, sniffing the incense, pausing to view a live picture postcard of old China. The Chinese tourists in their baggy blues made way for her silently, turned to watch her pass without a change of expression and then, just as soon as she had gone, turned again to their own business as if they were closing the world in behind her. She trudged through the gray dust of the Evergreen People's Commune, her blond coiffure catching tiny spits of snow, black shiny boots scuffing raw dirt, red coat picking up the dust, but moving on with a determined stride, impressed but not really, impressive but not really. The gap between East and West seemed beyond bridging.

The eminences of the press gathered in the dining room of the Nationalities Hotel to analyze and reanalyze nothing. The silent greeting. The talk with Mao. Chou's toast and the seven pictures of the Nixon visit in the *People's Daily*, one of those marks in the sands of history into which great meanings are read, rightly or wrongly. Columnists Joseph Kraft and Buckley, authors Theodore White and James Michener were reduced to mortal size, sifting words. In the oddest ritual of Press Secretary Ron Ziegler's career, he stated forthrightly that 200 million people in the greatest democracy on earth had no right to know, just then, what their President had talked about with Mao and Chou, the old enemies. The situation left folk heroes like Walter Cronkite and Barbara Walters standing on street corners, discussing schoolchildren and acupuncture. In the absence of instant adulon, Cronkite, Walters and ABC's entry, Harry Reasoner, tagged along with Mrs. Nixon for an afternoon, clinging to her side like courtiers, jockeying for position over her shoulder so the puffing network camera crews out ahead could get the ornate halls themselves and even Mrs. Nixon all in the same frame. But if this was bizarre, the night at the ballet was mind-boggling.

The President and Mrs. Nixon sat there with Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing, cosily wedged between them, bottles of fizzy orange drink and tea on the table in front, while on the stage *The Red Detachment of Women* unfolded in vivid song, dance and meaning. Despotism Landlord beat a peasant girl who ran off and joined the Communists. Together they launched their war of liberation, winning victory after victory, coming back to kill Despotism Landlord, finally marching off into the red sun with swords flashing, machine guns chattering, grenades exploding and, certainly, blood all over.

Back in a far corner of the auditorium, one could only look down and try to imagine what must be in Richard Nixon's mind, the man who even then was planning to relieve the property owners of the United States of their burden of real estate taxes, the man who had called for an end to wars and beckoned all mankind to follow him into "a generation of peace." There was no clue on Nixon's face. It was smiling, gracious, almost casual. H. R. ("Bob") Haldeman, Nixon's Prussian aide-de-camp, sat with glazed eyes as two television cameras beamed this remarkable moment back to American living rooms. Then there was the one young White House aide who later declared, "Gee, isn't this great." Perhaps. But the wisdom of France's André Malraux was more appreciated. Before Nixon left home, Malraux had said it would take 50 years to figure out what had happened in China in the last week of February 1972. At least, I'd say.

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A long day's nightmare

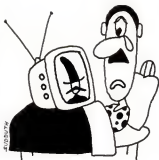
TELEVISION FROM A SICKBED

Last week Mao's Revenge came to our house, perhaps in exchange for Henry Kissinger. Mao's Revenge is a virus that inflames the self-pity membrane and the suicide gland, rendering the victim incapable of walking, talking, reading, breathing or anything else except washing down his tiny time capsules with Thunderbird and watching, through the Phlegm Curtain, daytime television.

Daytime television is the excreta of the network elephants on their way toward prime time and beyond, to the graveyard of the late movies. After *Captain Kangaroo* (which appeals to the paranoid in all of us), after *Gallop Gourmet* (which appeals to the Anglophobe in all), after *Not for Women Only*, *Woman!*, *What Every Woman Wants to Know* and *Dinah Shore* (has Gloria Steinem lived in vain?), daytime television consists of:

- (1) Reruns of Lucille Ball, *My Three Sons*, *Fansy Affair*, *Bewitched*, and *Gomer Pyle, USMC*;
- (2) Game shows like *Concentration*, *Hollywood Squares*, *Who, What or Where*, *Stump the Stars*, *Password*, *It's Your Bet*, *Let's Make a Deal*, *Three on a Match*, *Newlywed Game*, *Dating Game*;
- (3) Detergents like *Love of Life*, *Where the Heart Is*, *Search for Tomorrow*, *Paul Bernard—Psychiatrist*, *As the World Turns*, *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing*, *Days of Our Lives*, *Guiding Light*, *Secret Storm*, *Another World*, *General Hospital*, *Edge of Night*, *Bright Promise*;
- (4) Rotten movies;
- (5) Mike Douglas.

It's like being locked inside the *Reader's Digest* for the rest of your life. On the detergents, men mess up the world and women clean up the mess—another form of housework, this time in the mansion of the soul. On the game shows, unemployed actors embarrass themselves and the amateurs are worked like slot machines, their eyes full of bananas and lemons, their arms making bandit motions, while the studio audience goes through menopausal seizures. On the



reruns, we are reminded of what CBS did to the mental life of the postwar generation, making life into dog chow, the canned laugh, the rubber bone, the rural worm that's always turning. Mike Douglas is Dinah Shore in drag.

One longs for *Sesame Street*, for surely, as Sartre put it, "Man is not the sum of what he has," at least at two in the afternoon, "but the totality of what he does not yet have, of what he might have. And if we sleep ourselves thus in the future, is not the formless brutality of the present thereby attenuated?"

Not really. Daytime television is a conspiracy against the future, the present and the past, against reality it-

self. Contrary to Sartre, "the single event" does "spring on us like a thief." As the stomach turns, we search all the days of our lives for a bright promise in another world, following the guiding light through the secret storm to the edge of night where the heart is, and end up in a general hospital. We have been mugged. It's a plot against housewives, shut-ins, the temporarily invalid, preschoolers, the human spirit.

And yet it is a plot worth \$300 million a year for the networks. Until recently, CBS owned 50 percent of that daytime \$300 million. Now we hear that CBS is in trouble—it couldn't happen to a nicer network—because *Splendor*, *Storm*, *Heart* and *Love of Life* are slipping. NBC's games are bleeding Mr. Nielsen. ABC, which specializes in sports and movies, has decided to pit movies against the games and the detergents. B. Donald Grant, who built up the NBC challenge to CBS, has now been hired away from NBC by CBS. Mr. Grant's last official act before switching networks was to commission a *Peyton Place* serial. There is nothing any of us can do but not get sick.

by Cyclops

LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

One caper worth less than Zero

THE HOT ROCK

The virtues of *The Hot Rock* are nearly all negative. It is a crime picture—comic caper subdivision—that is full of action but happily free of the ugly violence that has marred such recent popular successes as *Dirty Harry*. It is also innocent of the attempt to make jokes about kinky sex that made *S*—a more direct competitor—so distasteful. In short, it's a chaste chase. Unfortunately, there's not much more to say in its favor.

Of course, it offers gainful employment to a lot of people. They don't really need the work but, being human and all, couldn't resist being wrapped up together in such an attractive and commercially promising package. The story, adapted from a well-regarded novel by Donald Westlake, is about a gang of slightly inept burglars who mis-engineer the initial heist of a legendary diamond, then must make three more attempts to get hold of it for keeps, breaking into a jail and a police station (nice ironies there) and employing hypnosis for the final boost. The adaptation is by William Goldman, of *Bathtubs* and *The Sundance Kid*. The director is Pe-



Robster Redford, in police blue, is chopper-borne to invade police station

ter Yates, of *Bullitt*. The stars are Robert Redford and George Segal, both of whom have long since proved their expertise in entertainments of this kind, and they, in turn, are supported by the likes of Zero Mostel, Ron Leibman and Paul Sand. One enters the theater with great expectations. And one leaves muttering "Promises, promises."

Being wrapped up in a package is evidently not the same as being wrapped up in your work. It's hard to say exactly what went wrong, but maybe all hands thought that a project that looked so good on paper didn't require their full creative energies. Or maybe it's impossible to mobilize those energies for just another venture into a genre that was over-

worked before they even began. Anyway, Mr. Goldman, a first-class gag writer, neglected to provide the kind of talk needed to define his characters sharply and brighten the long stretches between action sequences. These Mr. Yates directs briskly enough, but he never surprises us with so much as an unexpected angle or cut, let alone with the kind of comic business all of his players are capable of. As for Redford and Segal, they present themselves with consumer-approved charm, but not much more. Leibman and Sand, playing characters with more jagged edges to them, fare a little better. But the best measure of the movie's failure is its underutilization of Zero Mostel. He has one lovely moment—handing around

his single business card as he introduces himself to the gang, then snatching it away so they don't soil it. But to get only that one small view of him at his best is roughly the equivalent of taking camera and crew to that other natural wonder, the Grand Canyon, and then buying postcards, instead of taking pictures.

It may be that New York, which I program rather desperately notes can "almost be described as being costarred in the film," just can't support the comic muse anymore. That Redford, the mob's master planner, is developing businessmen's ulcers because the city is so impervious to rational attempts at mastering its complexity seems less a good-humored exaggeration than a simple statement of fact. And when he gets mugged while staking out a job, we don't laugh, we groan. The idea that even a professional criminal is no longer safe in the streets merely confirms our gloomiest notions about city life. Very likely the film would have seemed better to me if it had gone after these black truths more savagely instead of hinting slyly at them and then gliding slickly away.

It may well be that *The Hot Rock* will seem funnier in a suburb or small town—any place where life is more sensible—than it does in New York City. If so, please write, stating availability of accommodations for a family of four.

by Richard Schickel



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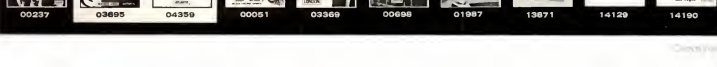
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Breaking into the big leagues

THE BOYS OF SUMMER

by ROGER KAHN
(Harper & Row) \$9.95

If you were lucky enough to be a Brooklyn Dodger fan in the good days, no sweat. How many books of any kind do you get to read about your sweethearts? If you weren't a Dodger fan, maybe a little sweat. You were probably fed up in those days with the ersatz color leaking from the press box and with the alleged lovability of Dodger fans, who in the flesh were as likely to spit in your hat as give you the time of day, and you don't want to hear about it now.

Mr. Kahn sweats a little, too, and it shows, as he strives to make the '52 and '53 Dodgers make a pinch more significant than they were. Ball teams are interesting only to the eye of love. Otherwise, I have it on the word of a barmaid who has waited on everything but 3-year-old trotters that ballplayers are the dullest athletes around, besides being lousy tipsters.

So Kahn strains a bit, milking a sob, puffing a scene, and winding up

on balance with a better book than he might have got from an easy subject. A tear or two in the beer is quite in order when you're discussing an old ball club—it's how they see themselves—and Kahn does make those dry Bums live. And maybe they were more interesting than other teams at that; or maybe the fact that people thought they were made them so.

Kahn maintains that their unique character was forged by their response to the race question. When Jackie Robinson became the first Negro to crack the lily-white big leagues, his teammates had to choose quickly between snarling discontent and a string of pennants. They chose the pennants, but not as easily as a Marxist might suppose. It would be nice to hear now that all the rednecks were converted, but they weren't—they were traded. What made the Dodgers so tolerant was that it was the only way to be.

Even so, it was a highly selective tolerance at times. "I don't mean Jack, I mean the nigger, the kid," said Billy Cox when his job was threatened by a black rookie. Robinson had simply been promoted to white. Then Campanella made it, and Joe Black, and finally any Negro who could add to their paychecks. Thus did the brotherhood of man back its way gracelessly into baseball.

But once the white boys decided

that Robinson's fight was their fight, something juicier than peace descended on the team. The Robinson question became a focus for their own energies, and they fought beside him like blood brothers. Kahn may push this point too hard, but the gain in drama is worth it.

The team élan was largely fictional. "We were not overall real close," recalls Pee Wee Reese. "And now the



Pivotal Jackie Robinson

guys and I almost never see each other anymore." Kahn tracked down eight of them, five aging white men and three youthful Negroes. Whatever fuel propelled those first black players through hell took longer to burn out than the average athlete's ambi-

tion, and Robinson and Joe Black are the only interviewees with as much future as past about them. (Roy Campanella, paralyzed all over from an auto accident, has had his hands full fighting that.)

The others illustrate variously the slow fade and stoic resignation of so much Middle America. One devotes himself to his mongoloid child, another became agnostic when his son lost a leg in Vietnam. Kahn follows the *Bridge of San Luis Rey* principle that any group of people is interesting if you know what to look for, and his group picture of the retired athlete—paunchy, wistful, toughing out the long anticlimax—is worth a look even if you can't stand baseball.

And if you can't stand retired athletes either, there is always Kahn's own family, a charming bunch of immigrant culture vultures who make a nice counterpoint to the oafs of summer. They couldn't keep him away from baseball (he used to sneak up on the roof and play catch with his father, a closet baseball nut) but they made sure that he wrote about it like a gentleman. In fact, Kahn doesn't sound like a sportswriter at all, but like, say, a social historian using baseball to make points about America. Judging from his book, I'd say there are a lot worse ways.

by Wilfrid Sheed

The career that self-destructs

THE HOME

by PENelope MORTIMER
(Random House) \$5.95

We all live too long now for our social institutions to work right, a historian told me recently. Our system of marriage and family life, for instance, was designed for a world in which most people were old at 40 and dead at 50. The average couple had eight or ten children—and by the time they had left home all their parents had strength to do was putter round the garden and play with their grandchildren for a few last peaceful years.

Modern medicine and birth control have changed all that. They have given us, if we are lucky, 30 more years of life and vigor after the children are gone. Unfortunately, for many of us this gift is a gigantic white elephant. At 40-odd most men are as good as at their jobs as they will ever be and have gone as far as they are likely to go. A man in this situation has nothing to look forward to but a quarter century of public repetition. Of course he can also, if he has the energy and the income, repeat the last quarter century of his private life; that is to say, he can divorce his wife, marry a young girl, and raise another family, from

colic right through college bills. For his wife it is even worse. No matter how good she has been at her job, she will automatically be put on part time as a mother in her 40s, and possibly laid off completely as a wife. And the more single-mindedly she has devoted herself to her family, the more unemployable she will be in the outside world.

Penelope Mortimer's *The Home* is



Mother, author, ex-wife Mortimer

a comic and moving novel about one such woman. Eleanor (formerly Nell) Strathearn is beautiful, intelligent and charming, married to a successful doctor whom she loves, and the mother of five interesting and attractive children. But now four of these chil-

dren are grown and the youngest away at school; and her husband, Graham, has left her for a decorative but inert "dolly bird" who is also, and very irritatingly, named Nell. At the start of the novel Eleanor does not yet quite realize what has happened to her. She is full of only slightly hysterical euphoria, about to move into a pretty new house in London where, away from the tensions of her marriage, she plans to "make a home" for the children and have a fascinating social life.

But Eleanor's phone almost never rings; the men she has been having romantic fantasies about are involved elsewhere. Her children, though all fond of her, need her far less than she needs them: one by one they vanish into their own lives. Finally her mother, whose conventional rules of behavior Eleanor has been trying to live by for years, dies suddenly. For the first time in her life she is alone, free—but she has no idea what to do with this freedom. The rule of feminine passivity that she repeats to herself—"Expect nothing, do nothing, say nothing, simply be"—pushes her to the edge of a breakdown. According to this rule, if she is no longer "Graham's wife," "Philip's mother" or "Mrs. Bennett's daughter," she is nobody. Used to being defined by other people's needs, she is emotionally and sexually vulnerable

to almost anyone who comes along.

Mrs. Mortimer, who earlier drew on her experience as the mother of six children in her best self *The Pumpkin Eater*, did not write this book in a vacuum either. She shares some of Eleanor's problems: after 22 years of marriage she was recently separated from her husband, the London barrister and playwright John Mortimer. But as one of the best novelists in England, she has what Eleanor lacks, and what have saved her: an independent and serious relation to the world. The pathetic thing about Eleanor is that she never thinks of finding a job, or even doing volunteer work. She has been trained to do nothing outside of her home, and therefore, perhaps for the rest of her life, she will have nothing to do.

It is to Mrs. Mortimer's great credit that though her subject is a depressing one, *The Home* is not depressing, but lively and witty—full of acute comments and beautifully observed scenes and characters. It is a comic cautionary tale, which should be read by every young woman who now thinks smugly, as she slides the home-made blackberry pie into the oven and goes to change the baby and comb her hair before George gets home, that this is the only career she ever wants.

by Alison Lurie

Mrs. Lurie wrote *Real People*.

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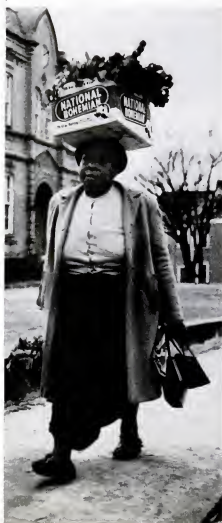


Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71 (Menthol by FTC method).

16 YEARS AGO IN



Sixteen years ago this week LIFE ran a cover on a newly risen but little-known star named Kim Novak. The big news story, however, was about the blacks of Montgomery, Ala., who were boycotting the city's racially segregated buses. Segregation had been a live national issue since the Supreme Court had ruled against "separate but equal" facilities two years before. But this was the first time that Negroes (16 years ago, "Negro" was the accepted word; "black" came along much later) had acted on their own. With buses rattling empty through the streets (below right), white officials turned to legal harassment and 90 black leaders were arrested for "con-



spiracy." Among them was the boycott's director, a 27-year-old minister, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. (below left having his police mug shot taken). On the day after the arrests a total boycott was called and Montgomery's blacks went everywhere on foot, to work and shop (below far left). The impasse went on nine months more before the city acknowledged the blacks' right to sit wherever they liked in buses. The boycott was the birth of what became the civil rights movement, and the start of a brilliant career for Dr. King, whose dream of racial justice won him the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964 and death at the hands of James Earle Ray in 1968.

The strike that launched Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.



16 YEARS AGO

CONTINUED



A new star in still unsteady orbit

It is photographer Leonard McCombe's special gift to win his way past his subjects' defenses and reach their innermost selves. Actress Kim Novak's recent leap from obscurity to stardom—from being a person to being a commodity—had left her, at 23, feeling vulnerable and distrustful. But McCombe gradually won her confidence; and his pic-

tures of Kim steeling herself to go on the *Ed Sullivan Show* (top left), feeling sorry for herself (top center), artlessly nuzzling her mother (top right), and winning a unanimous eye as she sits down in a railroad dining car (below) touchingly conveyed the uncertainty of an inexperienced young girl in her treacherous new world of movie fame.



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HENRY KISSINGER

Sirs: What we need next to the President is not someone who is the Devil's Advocate ("The Most Important No, 2 Man in History," Feb. 11). To be perfectly attuned is not even particularly healthy for a marriage. It creates an "aren't we just fine" way we are" complacency in our own intellect and resources that results in a vacuum eventually, and leaves us vulnerable against an "unknown" outside influence.

Mrs. CHARLES HINKLE

Santa Rosa, Calif.

Sirs: Men whose brilliant minds were packed with historical data the way we who gave us Vietnam and an arms race which nudges us ineffectually toward nuclear incineration. With eyes glued to their Metemorphs in the rearview mirror of history, craft international craftsmen like Kissinger ("We live in a world in which some countries pursue ruthless policies..." wantonly accelerate archaic geopolitical policies. What should be replaced by relevant people with the courage to risk trust in non-Americans.

ERDOL WILLIAMS

National Chairman
Businessmen's Hospital Fund
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs: Hugh Sides's article on Kissinger is one of those which make the whole year's subscription worthwhile. It should provide thought for all those people who indulge in expounding on the foreign policy of the United States which they downgrade the ability and character of the people whose duty it is to improve our foreign relations.

MARGUERITE W. JARRETT

Aberdeen, Md.

Sirs: My respect for Hugh Sides is such that I've read, with patient tolerance, his piece on Henry Kissinger, in which the closing quotation is the caption: "Not one of us mentioned the national interest."

Watching this administration is like attending a poor fight. Instead of being caught up in it, you try to figure out what is the matter.

C. WILLIAM PLATT

Bowling Green, Ky.

THE HUGHES AFFAIR

Sirs: What a definitive example of instant fame: Nina, "the Singing Baroness" (Feb. 11) getting her picture on Life's cover—and merely for traveling with Clifford Irving!

If he had traveled with Howard R. Hughes, that would be different. Even I would frame that.

HELEN MALISE

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs: Now, honestly, do you think would really have been interested in the story of that funny old millionaire? As a middle-aged housewife who puts five warm meals a day on the table because

of a shift-working husband and two ever-hungry sons, I would much rather read about the Ibiza bunch.

Mrs. ROBERT STUMM

Parmar, Ohio

CHIMP CONVERSATIONS

Sirs: What possible good for man or beast ("Conversations with a Chimp," Feb. 11)? Why not spend the energy, patience and love teaching little retarded children to speak and understand? What glorious achievement to hear a few words spoken from one of these, the most neglected human beings.

Mrs. G. FRANK MEYER

Diamond Bar, Calif.

THE 'NEW POOR'

Sirs: It is quite true that there is a great reservoir of unemployed engineers, scientists and technicians in the Seattle area ("The 'New Poor' Scramble to Survive in Seattle," Feb. 18), but your article left the wrong impression about those of us who are unemployed. Mechanical engineer, would neither go outside of the aerospace industry in looking for a new position, nor would I leave Seattle. I would be willing to move to any place where I was offered a position with good potential, security and a chance to use my engineering training and ability. The attitude that "once in aerospace, always in aerospace" is a narrow, unrealistic point of view. My family and I are flexible enough, and adaptable enough, to start over in a new location and to meet the challenge of a new position, in whatever field.

STAN SCHUERMAN

Renton, Wash.

EYE ON THE ENVIRONMENT

Sirs: We share Edmund Fallermayer's concern over the country's ability to meet future environmental requirements ("Do We Really Need All Those Kilowatts?" Feb. 11), but feel the real problem may occur before the 20- or 30-year period that he and others find so easy to discuss. There can be no question that we must look to the future, but what the nation needs at this time is some way to ease up on the immediate demands for energy, to buy the time necessary for development of these long-range solutions. Significant reductions in energy requirements are possible today through the judicious selection of existing equipment and systems.

H. HARRY PHIPPS

Energy System Consultants

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs: A couple of small steps in the right direction might be to change the tax credits allowed for depletion of natural resources (such as oil) to tax charges.

R. E. WAGENKNECHT

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs: No mention of the greatest utter waste, the "great white way" that

dims the stars, blinds the eyes and obscures traffic lights! Price the neons out of existence now so I won't feel so guilty trying to "keep my cool" electrically.

Mrs. LEE COOPER

Sarasota, Fla.

PARTING SHOTS

Sirs: Congratulations to Phyllis Diller for her honesty about her face-lift (Feb. 11). For too long the smooth faces of aging entertainers and socialites have mocked those of the same generation. How comforting to know that neither health food nor virtue produces artificial youth. It's just being able to afford to be a cut above others.

KATHLEEN NELSON SPIEGEL

Glenshaw, Pa.

Sirs: I found it rather ludicrous that you labeled the two photographs "before" and "after." Who couldn't tell!

PAULSON KURTZ

Atglen, Pa.

BLUE-COLLAR GRADS

Sirs: "Harvard Grads Go Blue Collar" (Feb. 11) brought forth, if trying, memories into focus. At the 1966 graduation at the University of Pennsylvania approached, I was asked, as an American literature major, whether I planned to go to graduate school or be a teacher. Upon receiving a negative reply on both counts, my adviser suggested, in jest but with some sense of hopelessness, that I look into carpentry. Shortly after I became a house painter, my boss, Alton G. Heger, made a comment about my recent marriage. I stated that there could live as cheaply as one. "Yes," he replied, "if one doesn't eat!" The good ship Emersonian Idealism sank like a stone. It was a straight line from Heger to Feuerbach and a not so straight line to graduate school three years later.

HARRISON M. BILDEAU

Providence, R.I.

Sirs: I've been saying for years that college ruins a lot of potentially good truck drivers, and the picture on page 64 of Joel Scott Cobby "inside" the tailgate just proves that today's college doesn't teach common sense. Being "uniformed in safety helmet and thermal work jacket" isn't going to save Mr. Cobby's legs if and when the dump body slips, which they do occasionally!

LEO PFEIFER

Wrentham, Mass.

Sirs: In regard to your "Moving Man," Most experienced movers would have used a walk board from the ground floor to the top step. The piano board and four-wheel dolly could then easily be pushed up the stairs with only two men, instead of four. Today a strong back and a college degree are not as useful as common sense and experience.

STANLEY G. ALEXANDER

Garden Grove, Calif.

Sirs: While putting down what philosophers talk about as "detached from any problem that has any importance" to him or anyone else, Joel Scott Cobby seeks "to understand what the hell is going on—why life is the way it is..." If that's not the very heart of philosophical inquiry, I'd like to know what it is. Truck driving and other manual engagements are hardly incompatible with commitment to a life of the mind. The history of scholarship is studied with people like Spinoza who found a way to wed active life to active beliefs.

STEPHEN JOEL TRACHTENBERG
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

FRANK MERRIWELL

Sirs: Thank the Lord "Frank Merriwell Is Back" (Feb. 11). Now if some courtage publisher would move Heitor Alger we will be well on the way to restoring the sanity of our youth.

GENE SLOAN

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Sirs: Paul O'Neil's story was wonderful to read. I am delighted that Frank's adventures are to be revived. Addenda: When her heroes Frank and Dick were about to "drive him crazy," author George Patten would delegate the writing to William Wallace Cook, who wrote between 100 and 150 of the novels, or novelettes. And after the books became popular, Patten obtained an increase from \$50 to \$100, which is the most he ever received from his publishers. The last Merriwell book, *Mr. Frank Merriwell*, was written for the royalties only, in 1941.

JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs: Shame on you. With a misplaced decimal point, you have reduced fabulous Frank from a perfect clutch hitter to a minor leaguer. His reported batting average of .1000 represents only one hit in ten times at bat. Maybe Frank is not ready to come back after all.

CHARLES J. DOBROWSKI

Merrillville, Ind.

LETTERS

Sirs: "For what did he die?" asks a letter to the editor (Feb. 11). The emptiness of such wall-walling! Sp4 Jerry Duffey died, as did my brother in the '40s, protesting his country and freedom of the individual. They fought against fascism, Nazism and, presently, Communism, forms of government which could destroy these freedoms. They died so that the Ric Welches and Lois Browns might be free to pen deeply felt, even though contradictory, convictions. Do we sit back and say "peace and expect that Communist countries will do likewise? All honor to American soldiers, dead or alive. And an end to this talking that their sacrifices accomplish nothing."

LOIS W. BROWN

West Haven, Conn.

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Now, the confusion is over and the facts are simple. Out of 104 1972 Ford Motor Company cars, 81 are actually priced lower than the same or similar '71 models comparably equipped. And that includes four new (not just changed) car lines—Ford Torino, Mercury Montego, Thunderbird, and Mark IV.

Add new emission and safety devices on the '72's that weren't on the '71's, and you can see this year you're really getting more car for your money than ever. That's true, too, even of the '72 Pinto . . . because even though Pinto is priced \$41.00 more than last year, it's still well under

\$2,000.00. (Most of Pinto's foreign competitors are priced much higher than they were last August.)

Check the figures for yourself. The chart at the right will tell you at a glance how much lower our cars are priced this year, compared to last year.

The prices quoted are suggested retail prices. See your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealer for his actual selling price—in most cases you'll find that it's even less.

Price alone, naturally, isn't everything when you're buying a new car. Because Ford listens better, we know you think selecting the *right* car can sometimes be a little complicated. And because we listen better we've done something to help clear the confusion. We wrote a book, "Car

Buying Made Easier." It's free, informative, and—we admit—somewhat biased. But only somewhat. The first fifty pages deal with all cars in general. So, whether you buy one of our cars or not, it could make buying your next car easier.

Why not send for it today? We figure that if you're armed with more information and our '72 comparative price list . . . we'll get our share of the business. And maybe then some.

More good news!
Light truck prices are down even more than car prices.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)

Ford Motor Company Suggested Retail Price Comparison: In the wake of the confusion, good news for new car buyers.

	'71 Model Prices as of Aug. '71	'72 Model Prices as of Today	Change
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Ford Division

Pinto 2 Door Sedan 4 cyl.	\$1,919	\$1,960	\$ + 41
Pinto 3 Door Runabout 4 cyl.	2,062	2,078	+ 16
Maverick 2 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	2,175	2,190	+ 15
Maverick 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	2,235	2,245	+ 10
Maverick 2 Door Grabber Sport Sedan 8 cyl.	2,334	2,359	+ 25
Maverick 2 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,344	2,350	+ 6
Maverick 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,404	2,406	+ 2
Maverick 2 Door Grabber Sport Sedan 8 cyl.	2,523	2,519	- 4
Mustang 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,911	2,729	-182
Mustang 2 Door SportsRoof 6 cyl.	2,973	2,786	-187
Mustang 2 Door Convertible 6 cyl.	3,227	3,015	-212
Mustang Grande 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,117	2,915	-202
Mustang 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	3,006	2,816	-190
Mustang 2 Door SportsRoof 8 cyl.	3,068	2,873	-195
Mustang 2 Door Convertible 8 cyl.	3,322	3,101	-221
Mustang Grande 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,212	3,002	-210
Mustang Mach 1 2 Door SportsRoof 8 cyl.	3,768	3,053	-715
Torino 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 8 cyl.	2,706	2,673	-33
Torino 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,572	2,641	+ 69
Torino 4 Door Station Wagon 6 cyl.	3,023	2,955	-68
Gran Torino 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 6 cyl.	2,887	2,878	-9
Gran Torino 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,855	2,856	+ 1
Gran Torino 4 Door Station Wagon 6 cyl.	3,170	3,095	-74
Torino 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 8 cyl.	2,801	2,762	-39
Torino 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,731	2,711	-20
Torino 4 Door Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,118	3,045	-73
Gran Torino 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 8 cyl.	2,982	2,967	-15
Gran Torino 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	2,950	2,947	-3
Gran Torino 4 Door Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,265	3,186	-79
Gran Torino Squire 4 Door Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,560	3,486	-74
Gran Torino Squire 4 Door Hardtop SportsRoof 8 cyl.	3,594	3,494	-100
Gran Torino Sport 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 8 cyl.	3,150	3,094	-56
Custom 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	3,288	3,262	-26
Custom 500 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	3,426	3,393	-33
Galaxie 500 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	3,594	3,570	-24
Galaxie 500 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,628	3,605	-23
Galaxie 500 4 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,663	3,637	-26
Custom 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	3,363	3,334	-29
Custom 500 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	3,501	3,464	-37
Custom Ranch Wagon 6 Pass. 8 cyl.	3,850	3,878	+ 28
Custom 500 Ranch Wagon 6 Pass. 8 cyl.	3,982	3,941	-41
Custom 500 Ranch Wagon Dual Fac. Rear Seats 8 cyl.	4,097	4,051	-46
Galaxie 500 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	3,715	3,685	-30
Galaxie 500 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,749	3,720	-29
Galaxie 500 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,786	3,752	-34
Galaxie 500 Country Sedan 6 Pass. 8 cyl.	4,074	4,028	-46
Galaxie 500 Country Sedan Dual Fac. Rear Seats 8 cyl.	4,188	4,136	-52
LTD 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,923	3,898	-25
LTD 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,931	3,906	-25
LTD 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,989	3,941	-48
LTD 2 Door Convertible 8 cyl.	4,094	4,073	-21
LTD Country Squire 6 Pass. 8 cyl.	4,480	4,318	-162
LTD Country Squire Dual Fac. Rear Seats 8 cyl.	4,496	4,430	-66
LTD Brougham 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,097	4,050	-47
LTD Brougham 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,097	4,050	-47
LTD Brougham 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,140	4,090	-50
Thunderbird 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	5,295	5,293	-2

Lincoln-Mercury Division

Capri 2 Door Sport Coupe~1600 cc eng.	2,395	2,477	+ 82
Capri 2 Door Sport Coupe~2000 cc eng.	2,445	2,528	+ 83
Capri 2 Door Sport Coupe~2600 cc eng.	New in '72	2,821	-
Comet 2 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	2,217	2,232	+ 15
Comet 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	2,276	2,287	+ 11
Comet 2 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,387	2,392	+ 5
Comet 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,446	2,448	-
Cougar 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,789	3,066	-223
Cougar 2 Door Convertible 8 cyl.	3,681	3,420	-261
Cougar XR-7 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,629	3,373	-256
Cougar XR-7 2 Door Convertible 8 cyl.	3,877	3,597	-280
Montego 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,772	2,731	-41
Montego 4 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,777	2,736	-41
Montego MX 4 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,838	2,788	-50
Montego MX 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,891	2,859	-32
Montego MX Brougham 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,073	3,014	-59

	'71 Model Prices as of Aug. '71	'72 Model Prices as of Today	Change
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Montego MX Brougham 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	\$3,085*	\$3,024	—	61
Montego MX Station Wagon 6 cyl.	3,215*	3,151	—	64
Montego MX Villager Station Wagon 6 cyl.	3,456*	3,325	—	131
Montego 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	2,888*	2,843	—	45
Montego 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	2,893*	2,848	—	45
Montego MX 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	2,994*	2,951	—	43
Montego MX 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,007*	2,971	—	36
Montego MX Brougham 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,189*	3,152	—	62
Montego MX Brougham 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,201*	3,137	—	64
Montego GT 2 Door Fastback 8 cyl.	Newin72	3,346	—	—
Montego MX Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,331*	3,264	—	67
Montego MX Villager Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,572*	3,438	—	134
Montexy 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,858	3,809	—	49
Montexy 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,900	3,848	—	52
Montexy 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,968	3,912	—	56
Montexy MX Custom 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,042	3,972	—	62
Montexy Custom 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,113	4,051	—	62
Montexy Custom 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,185	4,119	—	66
Montexy Station Wagon 8 cyl.	4,283	4,212	—	71
Marquis Station Wagon 8 cyl.	5,474	5,445	—	102
Colony Park Station Wagon 8 cyl.	4,806	4,550	—	256
Marquis 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,474	4,493	—	19
Marquis 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,557	4,572	—	15
Marquis 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,524	4,537	—	16
Marquis Brougham 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,880	4,890	10	10
Marquis Brougham 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,963	4,969	—	6
Marquis Brougham 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	5,033	5,034	—	1
Lincoln Continental 2 Door Coupe 8 cyl.	7,172	7,068	—	104
Lincoln Continental 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	7,419	7,302	—	117
Continental Mark IV 2 Door Coupe 8 cyl.	8,813*	8,640	—	173
DeTomaso Pantera 2 Door Coupe 8 cyl.	9,000*			

*Note: Suggested retail prices exclude destination charges, title and taxes. Dealer preparation is extra on Pinto, Maverick, Comet, Capri and Pontiac. Mustang and Cougar discount changes have lowered the suggested retail selling price for '72 car lines. Prices for Capri and Pontiac rounded to nearest dollar. Always check with your dealer for his prices. *Torino, Montego, Thunderbird and Mark IV are new car lines for '72. '71 prices shown are for the most nearly comparable '71 car lines.*

**The price of most options is down.
Here's a sample.**

The price of most options is down. Here's a sample.		⁷¹ Options Prices as of Aug. '71	⁷² Options as of Prices as of Today	Change
Pinto Select/Aire Air Conditioner	\$374.00	\$362.73	-\$11.27	
Maverick Select/Shift Cruise-O-Matic Transmission	183.00	177.49	-\$5.51	
Torino AM FM Stereo Radio	214.00	208.49	-\$5.51	
Four Power Side Windows	132.00	128.61	-\$3.39	
Mercury AM Radio W. Stereo Tape System	200.00	195.62	-\$4.38	
Cougar Power Windows	115.30	102.86	-\$12.44	
Cougar Deluxe Wheel Covers	25.90	23.11	-\$2.79	
Lincoln Continental Automatic Headlamp Dimmer	51.20	49.88	-\$1.32	
Ford Fingerprint Speed Control				
(with Deluxe Two-Spoke Steering Wheel)	84.00	99.13	+15.13	
Mustang Power Front Disc Brakes	70.00	62.05	-\$7.95	
Thunderbird "Surf Track" Brakes	194.00	188.05	-\$5.95	
Thunderbird Sunroof, Power Operated	518.00	504.80	-\$13.20	
Modelo Vinyl Roof	90.00	97.18	+\$7.18	
Mercury Automatic Temperature Control	520.70	507.55	-\$13.15	
Mark III Mark IV Leather Interior	183.70	179.04	-\$4.66	

Complete facts on all models and options are in this free book.

Section I is about cars in general—models, options, body styles, insurance, even financing. Section II, as we said, is a bit biased because it deals exclusively with Ford Motor Company cars. Even so, it offers facts, figures, specifications—the things you need to know.

For your copy, write:
Ford Motor Company Listens
P.O. Box 1958
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Dearborn, Michigan 48121

☐ Mr. _____
☐ Mrs. _____
☐ Miss _____
☐ Dr. _____
 Name _____ Apt. No. _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____
 Area _____ Number _____



In the weeks following his order enforcing busing on Richmond's predominantly white suburbs, U.S. Judge Robert Merhige, his wife, Shirl, and his 11-year-old son Mark (left) have endured hostility and open threats. Close security for the family includes floodlighted grounds and patrolling federal marshal (right).

A Richmond judge provokes the suburbs
and stirs a national political debate

Busing in an angry glare

The glare of floodlights outside the home of a federal judge in Richmond, Va. last week was only one indication of the public and political heat that has suddenly made forced busing the nation's dominant domestic issue. Ever since U.S. District Judge Robert R. Merhige Jr., in a landmark decision earlier this year, ordered the consolidation of the Richmond and adjoining suburban school systems to halt segregation, the volatile subject of compulsory busing seems to have reached into everyone's home—North, South, city, suburban. White suburban parents across the country have reacted explosively to the possibility their children might be bused to predominantly black inner-city schools, and they won immediate support from many a presidential candidate (see page 31) pounding hard for primary votes. But their most influential supporter is the President himself. Nixon promised to intervene against forced busing—possibly even by constitutional amendment—after his return from China.

All but obscured in the impassioned atmosphere was the logic behind the Merhige ruling. The judge, a former Richmond trial lawyer appointed to the federal bench in 1967, sees the decision as but one more desegregation step made necessary by the interpretation of existing law. He

found that Richmond's efforts to achieve equality of educational opportunity through classroom desegregation had fallen far short of the Supreme Court mandate and had even resulted in resegregation. The city system remained "identifiably black," he found, and the counties had become "identifiably white." He declared that the state's duty was to dismantle the Richmond area's racially dual educational system.

In the weeks since his decision, 52-year-old Judge Merhige has endured insult and intimidation—including several threats to his life. The hostility has mildly dampened his usual gregariousness and temporarily forced members of his family to lead reclusive lives. But this veteran of nearly two dozen unpopular desegregation cases is used to public vilification. "It will pass as it has before," he says calmly. The judge, who has an awesome respect for the law, feels it doesn't matter what the public—or he—thinks of the decision. "It is in the hands of the appellate court where it belongs," he says. "I have done my work. I am convinced people want a judge who makes decisions on his own—they don't want courts run by consensus." The city Merhige adopted nearly three decades ago is pressing ahead with a plan to comply with his ruling. But the mood in the Richmond suburbs remained defiant.







Sean McGee, 10, one of the few whites at Richmond's downtown George Mason Elementary School, raises his hand to a question in his fifth-grade class (above). Ahead of his classmates, Sean is often bored during school. "I know the stuff," he says. "But I have fun teaching the others."

Easy mood in the classroom while

Though they moved to Richmond only recently, Michael and Mary McGee, relaxing in their kitchen at right, plan to move again—beyond the area affected by the new court order. "Integration's not the issue," says Michael McGee. "It's busing the kids from their homes to a slum area"





Joan Taylor, a black kindergarten teacher, dresses children in Nigerian costumes (below) during a Black History celebration of Richmond's Summer Hill School. Since busing began, the school, in a white, blue-collar

area, has been two-thirds black. "A large number of what you might call rednecks have moved out, leaving us with white parents who are more rational about integration," says white Principal A. Edward Ooghe.



Parents from Richmond suburbs prepare for a mock funeral protesting the "death" of neighborhood

schools (below). Two days earlier, 3,300 Richmond whites drove to Washington to protest forced busing.

parents fight or flee

Richmond's present court-ordered busing, which began two years ago after official and popular resistance had kept the public schools basically segregated, has smoothly hastened the integration process for most pupils in the inner city. Each day some 150 school buses shuttle 18,000 of the total public school enrollment of 43,000. "We have an innocence here in children as they learn from one another that you don't get in a neighborhood school," says one white elementary teacher. "They have been integrated before they learn prejudice." But for racist reasons or impatience with the quality of education, hundreds of white families have fled to the Richmond suburbs since busing began. In the surrounding counties of Henrico and Chesterfield nine of ten students are white. The merger plan would create six districts, incorporating city and suburbs, with a pupil ratio of approximately 65% white and 35% black. Many more blacks than whites will have to board buses next fall to achieve the required integration.






Tayloe Holton (at left), 15, is the daughter of Governor Linwood Holton and a cheerleader at Rich-

mond's Kennedy High, which is 85% black. Though the governor's mansion is excluded from busing plans,

Holton sends his four children to predominantly black schools, and urges Virginians to obey the court orders.

One concession to Tayloe: since no buses pass the mansion, she is "bused" by chauffeured limousine.

How the candidates stand on busing



Senator Edmund S. Muskie, DEMOCRAT The problem is the question of equality of educational opportunities for all our people. Busing isn't going to solve that problem. . . . Housing patterns, employment patterns, transportation patterns, local political jurisdictional lines—all of these are involved in bringing quality education within the reach of all. Nevertheless, busing is a legitimate tool that has been endorsed by the courts, supported by the courts, and so long as it has been I think we have to be willing to use it in a common-sense way.

Congressman John M. Ashbrook, REPUBLICAN In my view the American people are so aroused over the busing issue that, given presidential leadership, an amendment would pass both houses and be ratified by the several states within six months. . . . This conviction prompted me a year ago, along with several others, to introduce a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution. . . . It stated that no public school student shall, because of his race, creed or color, be assigned to or required to attend a particular school.

Mayor John V. Lindsay, DEMOCRAT Busing is one of the tools necessary to achieve school desegregation. I approve of it. But, at best, it is a temporary solution which should not obscure the larger issues of integrated housing and quality education for all. . . . I also believe that racial separation in northern schools, not just racial segregation in southern schools, threatens quality education in this country and violates the spirit and perhaps the letter of the Constitution.

Governor George C. Wallace, DEMOCRAT The Civil Rights Law of 1964 clearly excludes busing of children to achieve racial balance. . . . National polls show that more than 85% of the American people are opposed to busing, yet busing still goes on and so does double-talk in Washington. In my mind the President could freeze busing just as he froze prices and wages. . . . I am for a complete halt to involuntary busing to achieve any sort of balance. I am for the return to freedom of choice and a neighborhood school concept.

Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm, DEMOCRAT Black children generally go to ancient city schools with overcrowded classrooms because cities cannot afford to build new schools like the ones in the suburbs. Busing cannot correct this problem. The only cure is to change the method of financing education so inner-city and suburban districts have the same ability to pay for adequate educational opportunities for their students. . . . Yet, even though [busing] is temporary as a solution, it is the law of the land according to the Supreme Court and other federal courts and it must be followed until the above deficiencies in the American way of life are remedied.

Mayor Sam Yorty, DEMOCRAT I do not believe in forced busing. However, I do believe in much larger support for education, supported by revenue sources other than homeowner property taxes . . . to ensure equal opportunity for all students.

Senator George McGovern, DEMOCRAT Based on simple justice and the unanimous view of all who have studied the problem, integrated education is better for the children and the community. . . . I believe that school busing and redistricting as ordered by the federal courts are among the

prices we are paying for a century of segregation in our housing patterns.

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, DEMOCRAT Forced busing just hasn't worked. It hasn't helped the child, it hasn't brought about quality education, it hasn't solved our racial problems. That's why I'm against forced busing to achieve racial balance. . . . Quality education is the issue, not busing. . . . We need a massive and immediate national effort, a Marshall Plan for our cities to improve our neighborhoods and aid all of our school districts. Quality education means more schools and classrooms, not more buses. It means more and better teachers, not more bus drivers.

Eugene J. McCarthy, DEMOCRAT I think that busing is quite defensible as a general principle [although] there may be particular cases where you could challenge it. . . . We have to move towards integration, and this is the next stage in which something can be accomplished. At the same time you undertake to achieve integrated communities in which case busing would not be necessary.

Senator Henry M. Jackson, DEMOCRAT I have said from the start that I am opposed to forced busing. But I have also said that I was against the system that gives a rich child a better public education than a poor child. That is not fair. If it's public it should be equal. . . . This great inequality should now be banned by constitutional amendment. . . . The program I am proposing . . . will prohibit the mandatory busing of children . . . [and] will require the states to provide equal educational opportunities for all children. . . . All parents, be they black or white, brown or yellow, must have a right to a voice in where their children go to school, how many hours they spend going to and from school and what kind of environment they find in the school. That parental responsibility cannot be totally abdicated to school authorities or to the federal courts.

Congressman Paul N. McCloskey Jr., REPUBLICAN Busing to achieve an end to racial segregation is appropriate. . . . [but] busing to achieve racial balance is not constitutionally mandated. . . . You might bus people out of their communities to achieve equal education but not to achieve racial balance. . . . The black leaders in my area do not want to have their kids bused out to schools at long distances. What they want is equal dollars spent in their own community schools. That's the real solution to the problem.

Congressman Wilbur D. Mills, DEMOCRAT I favor some type of constitutional amendment if that is the only way that we can prevent massive busing merely for purposes of obtaining some racial balance within a school. . . . Today, a child is being required, because of his color, to go to a specific school. . . . I think it's just the reverse but just as bad as segregation was itself.

Senator Vance Hartke, DEMOCRAT Just as I do not favor the busing of children to maintain segregation in our schools, I do not favor the busing of children solely for the purpose of achieving the proper racial balance. Busing is a temporary answer. . . . The primary goal is to achieve a quality of education for every child. To lose sight of this would make the achievement of integration a hollow victory.

The Peking feast

Vodka first found popularity in the U.S. only when the cold war made us fascinated with things Russian. Perhaps *moo shi pork* will now become as familiar as cheeseburgers, as the nation goes on a China jag.

Americans are that way in foreign policy, and diplomats like George Kennan have always wished us to be more moderate in our hates and likes and more calculated in our friendships and quarrels. President Nixon showed some awareness of this American volatility when before leaving for Peking he offered contradictory instructions as to how we were to regard the trip: as a watershed, an event comparable to going to the moon, and as something from which great things were not to be expected. His own inhibitions seemed to relax more agreeably at Peking's great banquet hall; still no one would expect Richard Nixon to be easily seduced by Communists, even when savoring the biggest moment of his life.

Nixon's Peking policy has from the beginning seemed to us a spacious and far-seeing conception, in its readiness to move beyond the sterility of cold war habits and emotions. So momentous a shift in our foreign policy has caused a number of difficulties along the way: avoidable slights to Japan; a regrettable "tilt" in our foreign policy toward Pakistan when its military regime was ruthlessly trying to crush its Bangladesh population; a bewildering U.N. performance that pressured our friends to support Taiwan while we were romancing Peking. Yet the basic proposition seems sound: that the world of the 1970s will turn around the interaction of five great powers—the U.S., Russia, Western Europe, China and Japan. Photographs of the aging Chinese leadership against the visibly younger American contingent show the wisdom of getting China into the conversation now, for no one knows what insular misconceptions exist in the next generation of Chinese leadership brought up in claustrophobic isolation.

Basic to the Nixon-Kissinger notion of a five-core

nered world is the thesis that the U.S. intends not to choose sides in the Soviet-Chinese quarrel, but there is no doubt that the U.S. at the moment is hurrying China into the Big Five club, partly as a counterweight to Russia. Thus the unprecedented gesture of a President flying halfway around the world to visit a nation and regime that the U.S. doesn't even recognize diplomatically.

So the possibilities for confusion in our foreign policy exist. They show most clearly in one key passage of the President's recent message to Congress. The President said, "Our alliances are no longer addressed primarily to the containment of the Soviet Union and China behind an American shield. They are, instead, addressed to the creation, with those powers, of a stable peace." Isn't the truth, rather, that all of us on our side do hope to enter an era of peaceful negotiations and arms reduction with the Communist great powers, but should that fail, our alliances are primarily and precisely addressed to containing an armed Communist threat?

Nations that can black out the news, can control the press and live without elections find it simpler than we do to carry on such a two-track policy, with all its ambiguities. Recent American diplomacy has concentrated more on the sensitive cultivation of our enemies while taking somewhat for granted our friends. We suspect this imbalance, which has been more apparent than real, won't last much longer. So far, with some fretting exceptions, our allies generally approve of our course. They seem to recognize the intelligent preparation the presidential party made; to realize that sumptuous banqueting in public was not inconsistent with plain talk in private; aware even that the mercurial American public fascination with the new dwells side by side with a shrewd awareness of reality.

The real success or failure of the Peking mission may not be visible for months or years, when it will be manifest in responses to events yet unforeseen. A long march has indeed begun.

MUSKIE, LINDSAY AND McGOVERN
SIGNS ARE THE GRAFFITI
OF A DISSIDENT MINORITY

The busing furor

Busing may have become a subject too important to be left to the courts. The courts got into the issue in the first place because of the long unwillingness of Congress, a succession of administrations, and the public in general to address themselves to providing equal educational opportunities to black Americans. So far the Supreme Court has held only in the most general way that busing is a useful device to break up dual school segregation systems, but as lower courts wrestle with the subject they find themselves called to pass judgment on whether racial patterns were intended or just happened that way. Their agonized, piecemeal and sometimes arbitrary findings then become instant law locally, and perhaps valid precedents elsewhere, unless subsequently overturned. This seems a clumsy and uncertain way to determine and carry out important national social policy.

A lot of Americans may be willing to accept integrated schools (and in fact are quite used to them) but are up in arms against more integration if it means busing their children into inferior schools in dangerous neighborhoods. As Leonard Woodcock of the United Auto Workers says: "The bill that has become overdue is owed by every American. It cannot be paid in full by innocent young people."

Politicians find busing a hot issue; they can't avoid it; probably only George Wallace is really happy with it. The others find it hard to enunciate an answer short enough to handle a heckler but complex enough to satisfy the subject. We don't share Senator Jackson's wish for a constitutional amendment to ban busing for balance, or President Nixon's fascination with the idea—since the Constitution shouldn't be cluttered up with transitional matters. We're glad that Vice-President Agnew and H.E. Richardson have expressed an amendment.

Recognizing the high emotions and political risks, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Minority Leader Hugh Scott seek a congressional solution free of partisan politicking. It is high time for the congressional branch to come to the aid of the judiciary, but it won't be easy to write legislation that doesn't undo all the gains of the 1954 desegregation decision. One proposal would limit federal funds for busing to school systems carrying out court-ordered or voluntary desegregation plans; integration would continue in this fashion, but federal agencies could not otherwise require local boards to bus for racial balancing. That might take some heat out of the issue, since many blacks are not all that eager for widespread busing either. What concerns them most is inferior schooling, and improving the quality of their education. Until this is done, equal education will remain an unfulfilled obligation.



The people speak

One Chinese custom the President may wish he could bring back is the Communist habit of plastering the countryside with placards, expressing the unanimous views of the people on public affairs. He might want to put up a few of his own:

AMERICANS LOVE PEACE—TELL HANOI

TRADERS WELCOME—SPECIAL
INDUCEMENTS TO FORMER ENEMIES

THE DOLLAR IS SOUND;
DON'T SPECULATE ABOUT IT

BUSES ARE FOR RIDING,
NOT BALANCING



Sealy Posturepedic or an ordinary firm mattress? Your choice could make your day.

You can't conquer the world with a morning backache. That's why Sealy Posturepedic® doesn't make an ordinary firm mattress. We created something entirely different—the unique back support system.

Here's how we made it different. First we put in extra coils. And positioned them for more support. Then we firmed up the edges, where ordinary mattresses first start to sag.

And we replaced the old-fashioned box springs with a torsion bar foundation. To work together with the mattress. For more give and take. For better all-around support.

But frankly, we didn't do all this by ourselves. Sealy Posturepedic is designed in cooperation with leading orthopedic surgeons for firm comfort.



The result is a bed that comes with a promise of no morning backache from sleeping on a too-soft mattress. With features so unique we've had them patented.

What's more, you can get all this Posturepedic comfort and support in big modern sizes. The beds that don't end before you do.

An ordinary bed or a Sealy



Posturepedic? Your back will tell you the difference. All night. And all day.

SEALY POSTUREPEDIC
The unique back support system.



During his tour of Bangladesh, Senator Edward Kennedy, spangled with confetti, stopped to speak (below) to a large rally

at Dacca University. Later, with his wife, Joan, he talked with the Bangladesh premier, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman (above).

A Kennedy trip

"We are all Bengalis," the visiting U.S. senator told some 20,000 citizens of newly independent Bangladesh at the University of Dacca. And if that declaration seemed to echo the "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" of another year and another Kennedy, what could be more natural? Edward M. Kennedy was paying a two-day visit to Bangladesh as chairman of a Senate subcommittee on refugee problems. His 75-minute call, along with wife Joan, on Prime Minister Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman (left) was



with a surprise ending

but one stop on a busy schedule. He visited a depleted grain silo waiting vainly for a final \$1 million of a World Bank loan frozen in West Pakistan. He saw blocks-long lines of unemployed, shut-down jute mills, hospitals that were full of war wounded and short of medicines. From a jeep he viewed burned-out houses, ravaged land and exhumed victims of a massacre in Kushtia. For months he had opposed the Nixon administration's support of West Pakistan during the fighting that led to Bangladesh's

independence. Now, reinforced by what he had seen, Kennedy vowed to work in the Senate toward getting U.S. diplomatic recognition for the new state. The trip was also something of an educational experience for the senator's nephew, Joseph P. Kennedy III (right), oldest son of the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy. After the Bangladesh visit he toured India for a week on a motorcycle and on the way home was detoured to Aden when Arabs hijacked the Lufthansa 747 he was traveling on.

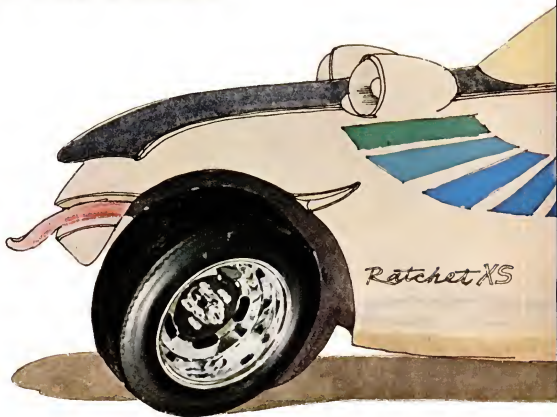


Joe Kennedy, 19, accompanied his uncle to Dacca. On his way home, Arabs hijacked his plane, kept him under guard for a day.



Auto makers drive for new engines
that won't pollute the air

Make Way for the Clean Machines

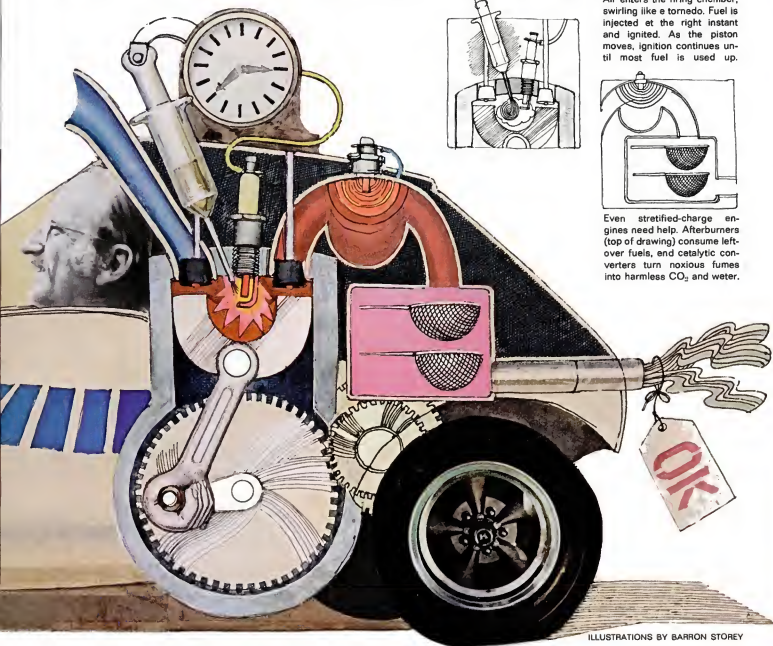


The conventional internal-combustion piston engine has more or less reliably propelled us about ever since it replaced the horse. But now, in the pollution-conscious '70s, it may be nearing the end of the road, to be replaced itself by one of the new power systems shown on this and the following pages.

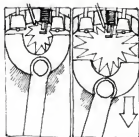
Two years ago Congress passed a strict air-pollution code for cars and directed that emissions of hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and oxides of nitrogen be drastically cut on 1975 and 1976 models. The Detroit auto makers, who now must begin to plan their 1975 cars, say they'll have to stick with the conventional piston engine till then.

A piston engine that's super-precise

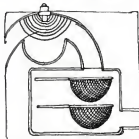
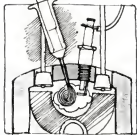
If the internal-combustion engine is to survive the rigors of de-pollution, it may well be in a sharply timed, fuel-injection model like that below. Called a stratified-charge or programmed-combustion engine, this doctored version of the classic piston machine is painstakingly engineered to burn fuel more thoroughly and economically than its predecessors (see drawings at right). Already under development by Ford, such engines will, with the help of afterburners and catalytic converters, cut pollution. But they will also cost more and demand frequent tuning. They may be for sale by 1978.



Three pieces of new hardware help the stratified-charge engine burn fuel more efficiently—extra-long spark plugs, cupped piston heads and a special fuel-injection system.



Air enters the firing chamber, swirling like a tornado. Fuel is injected at the right instant and ignited. As the piston moves, ignition continues until most fuel is used up.



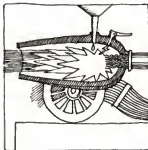
Even stratified-charge engines need help. Afterburners (top of drawing) consume leftover fuels, and catalytic converters turn noxious fumes into harmless CO_2 and water.

But loaded down with cleanup devices to purge pollutants, the old engines may become sputtering nightmares—and still fail to meet the now standards. So the big manufacturers are experimenting with alternatives—a spoon-fed, precisely timed engine like the one above, an exotic German machine, a gas turbine. All have advantages and dis-

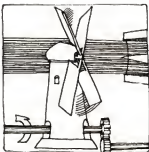
advantages—and none is ready for mass production. But sometime during this decade they may unseat the old internal-combustion engine as king of the road. In order to make the complex anatomy of the new engines easily understandable, LIFE asked artist Barron Storey to prepare this field guide to the future fauna of the highway.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRON STOREY

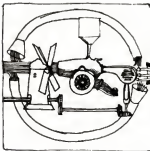
The turbine—brute power and an eerie whoosh



Power in the turbine is generated when preheated and compressed air is blown into the burning chamber (cannon at left), mixed with fuel and ignited.

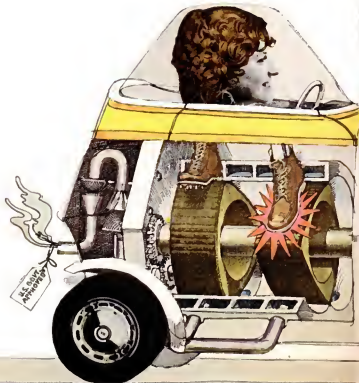
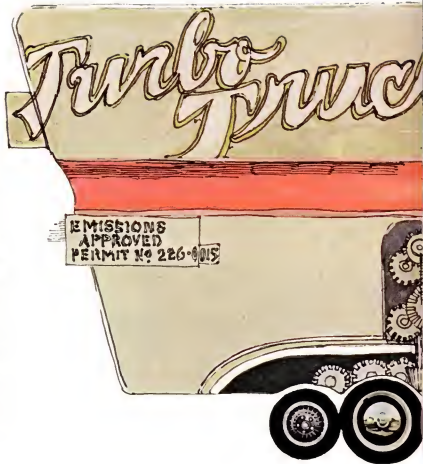


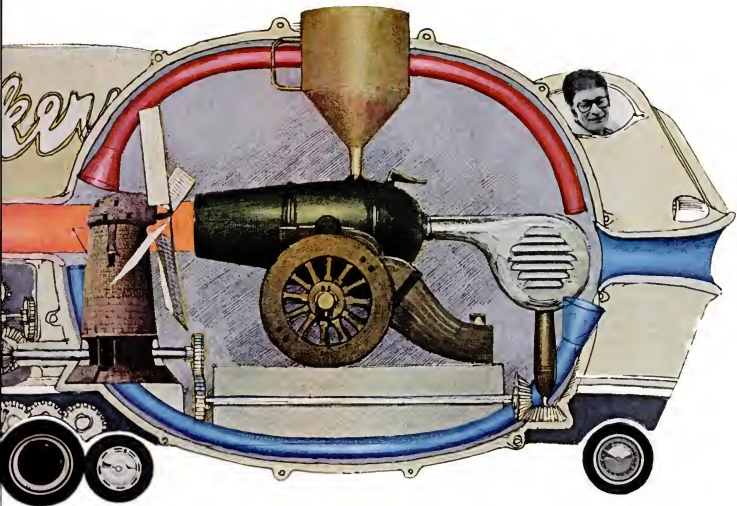
Exhaust from the burning chamber (right) turns the turbine's blades. Spinning like a windmill, the blades provide power to drive the vehicle and its compressor.



A heat exchanger (curving pipes) makes the turbine more efficient. It uses exhaust heat to warm air entering the chamber and also cools the exhaust to safe levels.

Almost everyone agrees that the gas turbine, like the one booming along in the Turbo Trucker above, is an ideal alternative to the piston engine. Turbines are clean because they burn fuel all the time and not intermittently like piston engines. One turbine car, built by the Williams Research Corp. near Detroit, has already shown it can approach the 1975 standards and another is now being road-tested by the City of New York. Turbines are also powerful and simple—they have 75% fewer moving parts than piston engines. Detroit is already building long-haul trucks with turbine engines, and airplanes have used turbine power for years. But all turbine engines are custom-made, and nobody knows how soon they can be mass-produced for passenger cars. They use plenty of gas and the blades that drive them work at very high temperatures and must be carefully formed of expensive alloys. But the turbine is coming—and by the end of the decade it may be eerily whooshing down the highway not only in trucks but in big luxury cars.

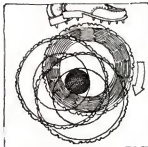
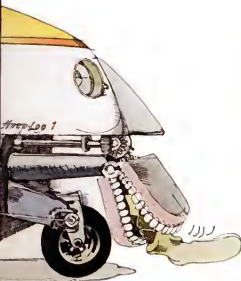




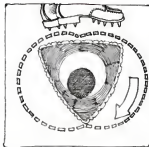
engineering wrinkle called the Wankel

The strange, sock-eating vehicle at left is powered by General Motors' choice as the engine of the future—the Wankel. Conceived by a German engineer, the engine won't really run on socks, but it will burn low-cost, lead-free gas. Its unique design makes it smaller, with

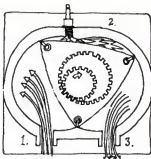
fewer moving parts, than an equally powerful piston engine. Cheap to build, operate and maintain, it is particularly suited to installation in compact cars. The Wankel isn't perfect—it gobbles gas and the tips of its rotors aren't as durable as its developers would like. What's more, it is dirtier than a piston engine. But its compactness and simplicity make it adaptable to add-on cleanup devices. Already on our roads in a Japanese car, the Mazda, Detroit will probably produce it within a few years.



In a Wankel, the inside of the engine revolves like a hollow log around an off-center axis—or a Hula-Hoop around a child. Kicked into motion, the engine transcribes a pattern like that above.

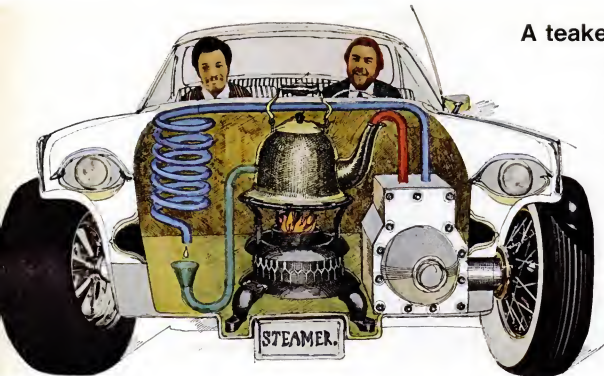


Inside a combustion chamber shaped like a figure eight, a triangular rotor operates on the Hula-Hoop principle. As exploding fuel kicks it over, separate pockets form in the chamber.



When fuel and air enter a pocket (1), the rotor compresses them against the narrow waist of the chamber (2) and a spark ignites the mix. This drives the rotor and pushes out exhausts (3).

A teakettle on wheels



For years, auto makers have laughed at the idea of a steam-powered car. But now the engine's cleanliness and simplicity are luring pollution-conscious engineers. Most federal research funds are going into steam power, though not to inventor William Lear (below), who is staking his own fortune on the probability that he can make the rolling kettle perk. The basic design is as simple as a teakettle. Heat turns a fluid into pressurized gas that drives a piston or turbine. The fluid is then condensed (spiral tube) and recycled. But getting pressure up instantly is a problem; so is finding a noncorrosive, nonfreezing working fluid. In any case, with Lear at the throttle, the steam power question is wide open.

BILL LEAR'S HEAD OF STEAM



"No one is going to buy a car simply because it doesn't pollute," says William Lear, fixing his listener with a gimlet eye. Nor, he continues, will anyone give up his baggage compartment for a boiler, buy something that sounds like a jet taking off, or anything with a dashboard loaded with unfamiliar gadgets. "You can't," he says, "have anything strange in the front seat."

If the problems of building an efficient and convenient steam automobile are formidable, no one is more likely to solve them than 69-year-old William Lear, a maverick inventor with the determination of Robert Fulton and the free-wheeling imagination of Lorenzo Jones. Lear has already unveiled a steam-powered bus and claims he's within whistling distance of a steam car that will fire up to full power within 15 seconds, accelerate to 60 mph in 13 seconds, and get mileage to match a piston combustion engine. One could doubt Lear—except for his record. He invented the car radio and the eight-track stereo tape deck, and developed the automatic pilot, the radio directional finder and a host of other devices—perhaps 150 patents in all. Ten years ago he plunged \$15 million into the development of an eight-place executive airplane. The resulting Lear jet made him his fourth fortune.

By 1967 Lear owned five homes, two of his own executive jets and couldn't begin to spend the interest on his money. He also had more than his share of bad luck. He broke his leg badly in a fall and while recovering suffered a

brain hemorrhage that almost killed him (his heart and respiration stopped totally) and did necessitate the removal of his right eye. Racked by his injuries, bored with his life, he found himself edging up to suicide.

Trying to shake his depression, he moved to Reno, where he dropped in on hotel man William Harrah, a collector of antique automobiles. "I was intrigued by the old steam cars," Lear says. "I wondered why that motive power never went anywhere." Deciding to try to create a modern steam car himself, he gathered up his engineers and hopped the country looking for ideas, dropping in on collectors and inventors to fire up the rudest backyard boilers. "Ecology had nothing to do with motivating me," he says. "And money was not the incentive. It's been said of me I'm a guy who's trying to run up \$28 million into a fortune. It was simply that I needed something to keep me out of trouble."

Today Lear's Reno plant is littered with mistakes—an assemblage of boilers, compressors, pumps, converted engine blocks—\$5 million worth of archetypal systems that will not work. "I call this my junk pile," Lear grins. "It doesn't tell me what I can do, but it tells me what I can't do. That's worth a lot."

Each day Lear makes the circuit of his plant like a doctor on rounds. He hefts a housing, calipers its thickness with practiced thumb and forefinger. He snaps off a design change. He rags a lathe operator. "Lookit, you've been on that set of gears for three days—why?" "You want it right, don't you?" the mechanist challenges. "No," the old man counters, "I just want it to run."

Lear calls himself an "interfacier." "I take

things other people do and make useful items out of them," he explains. "I don't want to know details of whether I should multiply x by y over the infinity of poop. If I know the fundamentals behind things I can find the answer."

Every once in a while Lear feels terribly outgunned. "Doesn't anybody do arithmetic around here anymore?" he grouches, turning away from the flickering countdown of a computer. "It's getting so I hear 'Let's put it in the computer' every time we have a problem. I'm antiquated for the reason computers operate on the principle: garbage in—garbage out."

Lear believes that a steam car could be in production by 1976 if a big Detroit manufacturer were to throw its resources behind the effort. But he sees little hope of this. Detroit, Lear sniffs, has written reams discounting steam as a propulsion device. "They knew the problems were as tough they didn't think anyone would ever lick 'em." But Lear believes he has all the fundamental problems solved. "We now have to perfect a means to produce a car at low cost."

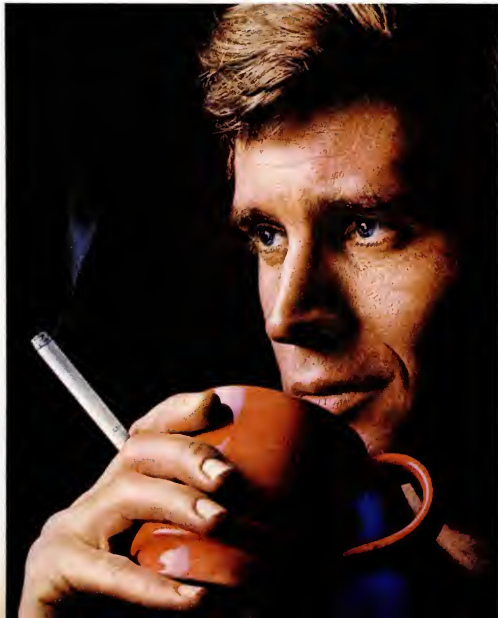
Lear has tried hard—and without success—to get federal money for steam research. He harangues congressmen, slings arrows at Washington over the plant Lex and nags the President. But otherwise he goes it alone. "I didn't waste a minute trying to interest anyone in contributing to development," he shrugs. "Another \$3 million and I'll bring this project to fruition. If somebody came along and said, 'I'll give you \$15 million and you can walk out scot-free,' I'd tell him to go to hell."

JOHN FROOK

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The Decline and Fall of the m

Perhaps it happened that day last summer on Manhattan's lower East Side when two knife-waving Puerto Rican youngsters dared hold up a Mulberry Street capo. Or when Salvatore "Bill" Bonanno decided to tell it all to Gay Talese who put it in his book *Honor Thy Father*, which then became a best seller. Or maybe it was the day that Joseph Colombo, then head of one of the five New York Mafia families, chose to appear on the *Dick Cavett Show*. The exact date of the collapse does not really matter, but the fact is that Italian-style organized crime in this country is finished.

The gravel-voiced godfathers that the late Joseph Valachi told America about less than ten years ago are mostly dead, senile or in jail. The storied rituals that lent such color to Mafia criminality are fast disappearing. The rite of blood-letting by which Valachi was initiated into the brotherhood 40 years ago, the hand kissing in public, the oaths of secrecy sworn before knife and gun are all considered embarrassingly "Old World" by the people who are now running what's left of things. And with rare exceptions like the jailed Bill Bonanno, the sons of the old men, the natural heirs to mob preeminence, have fled the rackets into professions of legitimate obscurity. Vito Genovese's son is an accountant; Simone "Sam the Plumber" DeCavalcante's son teaches English at a midwestern college; Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Luchese's heir went to West Point and became an air force captain. And the nonfamily middle-management muscled who in the circumstances had hoped to inherit the family business have, instead, inherited prison terms, multiple indictments and round-the-clock surveillance.

But if anyone is thinking of setting off fireworks to celebrate the end of organized crime in America he should wait a while. *Italian-style* mob activity may be moribund, but the illegal "services"—numbers, bookmaking, prostitution, dope and allied rackets—rendered by the old Mob so stylishly for so long are now being supplied by other gangsters with other values—and far less panache. The public is still not much better off.

Stefano "The Boss" Magaddino was all smiles before he learned that FBI eavesdropping devices had produced 76,000 pages of conversations recorded in his funeral home. His trial for interstate racketeering was postponed on grounds of ill health, but charges are still pending.

by NICHOLAS PILEGGI

AFIA

The federal government's campaign against the old Mob has been spurred since 1970 by the Organized Crime Control Act, which gave the Justice Department jurisdiction over large-scale gambling operations and made their protection by local police and state officials a federal crime. In the short interval since then, the Mob's hash has been practically settled.

By the end of last year, at least three-quarters of the country's 5,000 federally certified Mafiosi were either in jail or about to be indicted. Last year alone, 1,500 captains, lieutenants and soldiers were prosecuted in the nation's courts. Authorities in New York, New Jersey, Chicago, Miami and New Orleans are preparing new crack downs on gambling bosses in their areas. Even the cleverest of the old bosses have found it impossible to stay out of trouble when every investigative branch of the federal government is concentrating on putting them in jail. Previously unindictable Mafia chiefs have had their meticulously prepared income tax returns combed over for nickel-and-dime errors. They have found transmitting bugs planted in their kitchen walls. New England's Mafia boss, Raymond Patriarca of Providence, is already in jail and his crime family shattered. Carlos Marcello, the boss of Louisiana, faces two years in jail. Federal surveillance has made California's 71-year-old Frank Licata virtually a prisoner in his own heavily guarded estate near Los Angeles. Chicago's Sam "Momo" Giancana has fled to Mexico to avoid jail. Only a convenient heart attack kept New York Boss Carlo Gambino from being deported last November, and the 69-year-old don still faces conspiracy charges in an armored car hijacking. New Jersey Boss Simone DeCavalcante is now in jail, as are most of that state's capos. At his recent trial, Stefano Magaddino, the 80-year-old Mafia patriarch of western New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and southern Ontario, was stunned to learn that federal agents had, over three years, obtained 76,000 pages of transcribed conversations from a listening device planted in the old man's Niagara Falls funeral home.

And federal harassment is just as intense on the second in command. In San Diego, James Fratianno—No. 2 man to Licata—had

CONTINUED

John "Sonny" Franzese, arrested for the 1964 gangland murder of Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo, enters police headquarters in New York. He was acquitted on the murder charge, but subsequently got 50 years in federal prison for organizing a nationwide series of bank robberies.



WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE FAMILY

BOSS



THOMAS LUCHESE
Three-Finger Brown
Dead

*Ten years ago,
the Thomas Luchese
family was one
of the five most
powerful in the U.S.
But look at it now*

UNDERBOSS



STEFANO LASALLE
Incapacitated by age



VINCENT JOHN RAO
In prison

COUNSELOR

LIEUTENANTS



ANTHONY CORALLO
Tony Ducks
In prison



JAMES PLUMERI
Jimmy Doyle
Strangled



JOSEPH LARATRO
Joey Narrow
Under surveillance



CARMINE TRAMUNTI
Mr. Gribbs
Under surveillance



SALVATORE SANTORO
Tom Mix
Under surveillance



JOSEPH LUCHESE
Joe Brown
Dead



JOSEPH ROSATO
Joe Palisades
Under surveillance



NATALE EVOLA
Joe Diamond
Under surveillance



ETTORE COCO
Eddie Coco
In prison



JOHN ORMENTO
Big John
In prison



Why Joe Marcello sold his boat

CONTINUED

always enjoyed patronizing his own topless bars along Sailors' Row. Recently, it dawned on him that every time he visited one of his bars, the bar was subsequently raided. The bar's books would be audited by the IRS, and narcotics agents would begin making inquiries about his best customers. Automobiles parked outside would be ticketed for minute violations. Fratianno is 51 years old and already on probation in connection with conspiracy to defraud the government in a trucking scheme. He no longer goes to his own bars. Nor is he at all welcome at other drinking establishments. In New Orleans last summer, Joseph Marcello, the boss's 47-year-old brother (and, according to federal sources, his heir apparent), found out what intensified surveillance means. A long-time deep sea fisherman, Marcello used to take his cruiser, outfitted for game fish, into the Gulf two or three times a week. Beginning last summer, whenever he went out, Coast Guard launches with federal agents would pull alongside. Marcello and his guests would be asked to identify themselves and the boat would be searched. Agents would gut fish and search innards, count life preservers against possible violation of Coast Guard rules and insist that the party return to port for questioning. After several weeks of this kind of treatment, Joe Marcello sold his boat.

Fiore Buccieri, the Chicago Mafia lieutenant, loved to hunt. He has a collection of shotguns and hunting rifles, and during the season he has always driven with friends up into Canada or Wisconsin after game. By last fall, however, things had changed. As Buccieri and his friends were driving toward Wisconsin, they were stopped for a routine check by state troopers. Accompanying the troopers were federal agents. Despite the fact that the automobile was properly registered and the driver licensed, and despite the fact that all the guns were registered and the hunting permits in order, other "technicalities" required Buccieri and his pals to accompany the police to their barracks for questioning. They were stopped, questioned and released seven times that day. Buccieri and his friends finally gave up and returned to Chicago, but by then they were too cautious even to discuss their plight on the way. After all, the car could have been bugged.

Federal harassment is not confined to the Mafiosi themselves. Agents have questioned their children on their way to school, asked teachers for school records, and secured lists of purchases from neighborhood stores to match against tax returns. They have told Mafia wives about their husbands' infidelities. Before John "Sonny" Franzese was sentenced to a 50-year term for plotting bank robberies, his wife, Tina, said that agents followed her and her husband and three children into church, restaurants and supermarkets, trying to provoke him by insulting her.

"Hey, Sonny," Mrs. Franzese has theatrical-ly quoted the agents as shouting, "is that really

CONTINUED

LONG TRIPS IN LITTLE CARS NEEDN'T BE ENDURANCE TESTS.

One thing you don't expect in a little car is comfort. With Vega, you're in for a surprise.

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The Vega power ventilation system keeps air circulating inside the car as you travel. Or if you pull over just to admire the view.

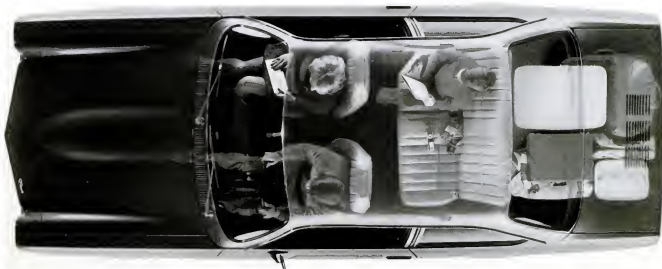
Full Coil suspension front and rear softens the big bumps and makes the little ones all but disappear. Coupled with Vega's superb handling and stability, those long trips might even stand a few detours. All because we want your Vega to be

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Highway safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.



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The old capos dream of a comeback

CONTINUED

your wife? The kids don't look like you."

As a result of federal pressure, third-, fourth- and fifth-echelon hoods have been moved up to administrative posts for which they are unprepared. With the most powerful and respected Mafiosi in jail or under constant surveillance, discipline within the organization has begun to break down. Shooting wars have erupted as low-grade thugs fight over steadily diminishing turf. In the last two years (aside from many "disappearances"), there were 31 Mafia homicides in New York and New Jersey alone. More significantly, black, Puerto Rican, Cuban and Mexican-American gangsters have begun to muscle into the lucrative ghetto rackets in the racially changing inner cities. For the first time, street-level Mafiosi are meeting open hostility in the working-class neighborhoods they once ruled. And for the first time the Mafia is backing down.

FBI tapes revealed that the son of New Jersey Boss Frank Cocchiaro was beaten by a black construction worker. At a Mafia meeting in Elizabeth, N.J., his father demanded the revenge due him in accordance with Mob custom. The assembled hoods seemed to agree that retribution was in order, and for a while discussed whether the offender should be beaten, stabbed ("so they'll think niggers did it") or shot to death. Then someone mentioned that the man was a Black Muslim. The mood changed instantly and Cocchiaro never got his revenge. Even Carlo Gambino cautioned against any retaliation that might involve a war with the Black Muslims.

The old Mafia no longer rules the ghettos. Its traditional base is no longer there. The tenement-lined Little Italys from which it victoriously drew its strength, its recruits and its victims are disappearing. Italian immigrant communities like Mulberry Street in New York, Wooster Street in New Haven, Federal Hill in Providence and Ninth street in South Philadelphia have been diminished by bulldozers, divided by expressways and diluted by ethnically mixed public housing. A Mafia soldier who could once control 3,000 low-income Italian-Americans from one street corner in a densely packed ghetto block would be hard pressed to find that sort of over-populated Italian neighborhood today.

The most successful of the old-time Mafiosi remained in their own environment. Pathologically insular, they were for generations content to replay their traditional roles—praying upon people who spoke their dialects, shared their superstitions and could be relied upon for silence. The younger Mafiosi see the situation differently. They want to superimpose New World standards on the Old World phenomenon. They have rejected the godfatherly chores of adjudicating what seem to them petty disputes of immigrants. They do not care to become involved with seeing to it that compromised neighborhood girls are married to their seducers, and collecting \$10 monthly "tributes" from local merchants is far too trivial a task.

The American-born Mafiosi are too ambitious for that—too enterprising, too American. They are less interested in the Italian lottery, in extortion or in bookmaking than in credit card schemes, stolen stock certificates and importing heroin. More flamboyant than their elders, they prefer nightclubs to espresso cafés and worry more about their mistresses than about their vegetable gardens or wine cellars. These rising, second-gang leaders of organized crime have gradually departed more and more from the Old World discipline. The blind obedience that had worked in the hills of western Sicily seems unnecessary in Cicero, Ill. Taking orders from old men who barely speak English does not appeal to a Mafioso who wears a \$300 suit and holds country club memberships. But the old men, with their disciplined style of life and their well-guarded anonymity, provided an almost invulnerable structure of command that the American-born neither valued nor fully understood. Until a few years ago even the police did not really comprehend the unique role played by some of the old dons.

Tipped off to an underworld meeting in downtown Manhattan in the early '60s, police watched a dozen Mafiosi pull up to a dingy little cigar store on Grand Street in their big cars with drivers and bodyguards. Amid the noisy chatter and embraces of expensive suits the police barely noticed the entrance of an old man who wore a wrinkled black suit and carried a grease-stained paper bag. Later, however, listening devices inside picked up the old man's voice, shouting orders—in Sicilian dialect—at the suddenly silenced bravos. In 15 minutes the meeting was over, and as the majority of the participants were driven off in their Cadillacs and Lincolns, undercover police followed the old man on the subway to his home in Brooklyn. Round-the-clock surveillance was begun. No one in the police department's organized crime unit had ever seen or even heard of him before.

The old man, Steve LaSalle, the underboss of New York's Luchese family, was himself born into a Mafia family. To LaSalle, the Honored Society was more than a vehicle for making money. Its secrets and its rituals were a way of life.

"When we began to understand that," Ralph Salerno, the New York Police Department's now retired Mafia expert, said, "we had a trump card. It took a while, though. We had a plant on him for months. We knew he had to be doing something dirty. He lived in a modest two-family house with his wife and his dentist son and the son's family. His income, about \$20,000 a year, came from a small garment factory. For relaxation he would fool around in a tiny garden. Sometimes he would chat with the elderly owner of a rundown neighborhood vegetable store about their boyhoods in Sicily over 50 years ago. When the storekeeper got busy, old LaSalle used to wait on the customers." Today, LaSalle, who is 83 and almost blind, is still being watched.

No one knows better today than these old ca-

pos that the foundation of their secret society has cracked. The highly disciplined, family-tied Mafia that functioned so smoothly for so long is today an anachronism. The old capos have seen their American-born heirs assimilated into the 20th century. They watch silently as gaudily dressed young men remain seated when their elders enter a room. It was a Mafia scandal a few years ago when Bill Bonanno failed to rise when Carlo Gambino entered a Brooklyn café. At funerals and marriages the old men see fewer young men in attendance. Some of the young Mafiosi have married non-Italians and many more have been divorced from the Italian girls assigned them by their families.

In a last desperate effort to breathe life into the organization and reignite the true spirit, the country's aging dons three years ago began to bring in home-grown Sicilian Mafiosi. Immigration and naturalization authorities have already seized 60 Mafiosi they know to have been smuggled into the U.S. by boat or by small plane across the Canadian or Mexican borders. They estimate that there may be as many as 300 Sicilian-born racketeers in the country today. Gambino, Marcello and Magaddino—the three bosses most responsible for introducing this 17th-century booster shot into their crumbling society—see in these men the kind of respect of which they approve.

But the roles given these new arrivals are based on nostalgia rather than reality: the imports have been assigned to make a last stand to hold together for the Mob the battered remains of all the Little Italys. The old capos remember the prescription that always worked for them 40 and 50 years ago and they dream of returning their Honored Society to dominance on the street corners and in the cafés. But it is no use. The neighborhoods they remember, from which they drew their traditions, are vanishing. So are most of their people. The blacks, the Puerto Ricans, the Cubans and the Mexican-Americans are now the powers. And their gangsters now want their shot at bleeding their own people.

Carlo Gambino is the elder statesman of all the surviving U.S. Mafia. He has been dodging a deportation order for 19 years.



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Richard Bach takes off with 'Jonathan Seagull'

Barnstorming Bard

To writer Richard Bach, seagulls have a lot going for them—design, build and strength—but they lack the right attitude toward flying. "If I had what they have," he says, "I'd be up there *really* flying!" Actually, as a onetime barnstormer he has been up there *really* flying. In the past 17 years he has piloted a variety of aircraft ranging from ancient biplanes to supersonic jets. But until Bach wrote a book about an improbably named talking gull whose consuming ambition was perfect flight, he never really took off as a writer. There are already 192,500 copies of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* (Macmillan, \$4.95) in print, it is being translated into several foreign languages—it will be one of very few books ever published in Chamorro, the language of the Mariana Islands—and five movie companies are interested in it.

Like the Jonathan of the book, 35-year-old Bach has never been one to follow the fishing fleet. The fact that he is a direct descendant of Johann Sebastian Bach had much less to do with his choice of career than his obsession with flying. He began in high school, left college to become an air force pilot and then took up the rough and uncertain life of a barnstormer, bringing the "touch of flight" to tiny rural towns. Like his daredevil predecessors of 50 years ago, he would start each trip with no more

than a dime in his pocket and a full tank of gas. After five years, he turned to writing, producing three books and hundreds of articles on various aspects of flying. Until *Jonathan*, however, he was little known outside aviation circles. Bach thinks that his deceptively simple tale became such a soaring best seller because "each reader sees in the book what he sees within himself—the capacity for perfection."

If *Jonathan's* financial success is curious, the book's genesis is stranger still. Years ago, walking along a canal in California, Bach had a cinematic vision. "I realized," he says, "that I was meant to write it all down, not just watch it." But the story was incomplete when the screen suddenly went blank. During the next few years he tried to finish the book but couldn't. Then, one morning, "this strange visionlike thing picked up just where it had left off. And there was the end of the story!"

Bach has developed an almost mystical faith about the book. "It's like walking on holy ground," he says. He once considered publishing *Jonathan* anonymously and often wishes he had. Nowadays, he gets hundreds of letters from readers asking him for the correct interpretation of the metaphysical overtones they sense in the story. "If I'd written the book myself," he says, "I could say what it meant. But I didn't so I can't."

At the controls of a Piper Cub, Bach goes through a few of the stunts from his barnstorming days



'Flying through rocks comes a little later in the program'

Ostracized by the Flock for his single-minded devotion to flying, Jonathan develops advanced flying techniques. In the extract below, he is teaching Fletcher Lynd Seagull, a flight student and fellow Outcast.



It happened just a week later. Fletcher was demonstrating the elements of high-speed flying to a class of new students. He had just pulled out of his dive from seven thousand feet, a long gray streak firing a few inches above the beach, when a young bird on its first flight glided directly into his path, calling for its mother. With a tenth of a second to avoid the youngster, Fletcher Lynd Seagull snapped hard to the left, at something over two hundred miles per hour into a cliff of solid granite.

It was, for him, as though the rock were a giant hard door into another world. A burst of fear and shock and black as he hit, and then he was adrift in a strange strange sky, forgetting, remembering, forgetting; afraid and sad and sorry, terribly sorry.

The voice came to him as it had in the first day that he had met Jonathan Livingston Seagull.

"The trick, Fletcher, is that we are trying to overcome our limitations in order, patiently. We don't tackle fly-

ing through rock until a little later in the program."

"Jonathan!"

"Also known as the Son of the Great Gull," his instructor said dryly.

"What are you doing here? The cliff! Haven't I . . . didn't I . . . die?"

"Oh, Fletcher, come on. Think. If you are talking to me now, then obviously you didn't die, did you? What you did manage to do was to change your level of consciousness rather abruptly. It's your choice now. You can stay here and learn on this level—which is quite a bit higher than the one you left, by the way—or you can go back and keep working with the Flock. The Elders were hoping for some kind of disaster, but they're startled that you obliged them so well."

"I want to go back to the Flock, of course. I've barely begun with the new group!"

"Very well, Fletcher. Remember what we were saying about one's body being nothing more than thought itself. . . ."

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At sunset, Bach stands on a deserted beach near his home in Bridgehampton, on Long Island



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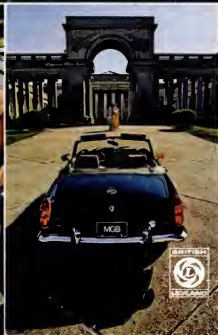
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After lunch at Orsini's, a popular fashion-world haunt, Oscar de la Renta gives John his private phone number. "Call me if you have any technical problems," he said.



At home in suburban Baltimore, John sketches out some new ideas in his bedroom (left). Wall posters of his old idol David Cassidy are now being eclipsed by publicity shots of his favorite designers.

Below, watched by his coffee-sipping mother and his aunt (second from left), John shows his sketches to Robert Poore, manager of Bonwit Teller in Philadelphia, and two of the store's executives.

Usually it takes a decade or more for an ambitious designer to make a name for her- or himself in the world of fashion, but 10-year-old John Scher made it within a month of launching his campaign of conquest. He began just after New Year's with a letter to *Women's Wear Daily*—"to get publicity," said John frankly. "I would first like to say you're the greatest," he opened diplomatically. "Second, I want to be a women's fashion designer. I make my own designs and I want to show some to you." *WWD* happily published a half-dozen of his sketches—imaginative ideas in the simple, classic style popular today, many of them adorned with such scrawled hints as "Bonwit Teller \$300" or "Saks \$120." Within a few weeks *Mademoiselle* magazine hosted John (and his omnipresent mother) on a triumphal tour of the New York fashion world. He visited several famous showrooms and lunched with the city's top designers, including Oscar de la Renta, Anne Klein, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo and Kasper. Over Coke and a bowl of spaghetti, John analyzed the designs in the latest issue of *Vogue*. "I love it!" he kept saying rapturously. "I absolutely love it!" Said Anne Klein: "I must admit he impressed me. His style is fresh, unhampered—it's wonderful. Of course I would have to see a great many more of his sketches. I just hope he doesn't become a monster." As a result of the publicity, Bonwit Teller has staged a fashion show for him, he has been invited to appear on a TV talk show with designer Hardy Amies, he has received four offers to design collections for stores around the country (one of which wants him to design its entire boutique section). And, *zut!* a French designer is trying to



John has plenty of chutzpah and 5,000 sketches as well

entice him to Paris for a show during his spring vacation.

John says he has been fascinated by fashion all his short life. As an infant he was mesmerized by materials and bright colors. He began sketching when he was 4 (he now has a collection of over 5,000 designs) and has been fitting out dolls in high fashion ever since. He admits, however, that his fa-

ther, a doctor in Baltimore, Md., "doesn't think too much of what I'm doing," and that his two brothers "hate it." But his friends "think I'm pretty good." And so they should. "I draw pretty good," John told his benefactors at *WWD*. "And I'm a straight-A student. I'm a pretty good gourmet. I can play a little tennis, and I can do stunts on my bike—wheelies, sidesaddle and no hands." ■



A Hot Line in Florida puts heat on drug traffickers

Tampa's turning in its pushers

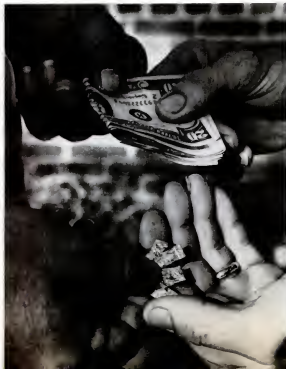


Tampa lawyer and ex-FBI man Jamee Cuseck (above) thought up TIP to encourage a public response against pushers in local neighbor-

hoods. Billboards and posters promote the program and callers (left) are guaranteed anonymity. TIP informers now average 30 a day.



All calls received at TIP headquarters are recorded (left) by specially trained staff members. One out of ten calls leads to a police investigation of the suspect. This includes surveillance (below left) and then a purchase of drugs from the pusher by an undercover detective (below center). Drugs are then analyzed for content (below).





A suspected pusher (right) is arrested and frisked for possession of drugs after police observed him selling on the street. Secret payoffs to TIP informers are always handled in cash (above).

One aspect of Tampa's program is statistically remarkable: every pusher brought to trial in a case based on TIP information has been convicted. (The 12 sentences handed down so far have been heavy: ten years each.) Cusack and the TIP staff cheerfully own that the prospect of a monetary reward has been a big factor in the program's success—5,494 calls (or eight arrests per thousand tips) in one year. "But there is also the paranoia the project creates," Cusack says. "One pusher who thought his arrest originated with a TIP call turned in another pusher he suspected of squealing on him." Actually, a suspect never learns if a TIP-off led to his arrest. Once there has been a conviction and sentence has been passed, the informer contacts the TIP office and, using the code name originally assigned him, puts in a claim for his reward—the tougher the sentence, the higher the reward. Preserving anonymity to the end, the police deliver payoffs addressed in the informer's code name at some prearranged site, such as an airline ticket counter or hotel desk.

TIPs are kept secret and paid off in cash



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Awed by photographs of boiling springs and tales of geysers shooting hundreds of feet into the air, Congress in 1872 decreed Yellowstone the first national park in the United States—indeed, the first in the world—“as a pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people.” It was an act of astonishing foresight, especially considering that those were the years of land and timber barons, of frenzied exploitation of resources. The first tourists arrived almost immediately. They were a hardy lot: they had to risk stagecoach robberies on the park’s back roads and even capture by Indians. Ten years later, under safer conditions, sightseers were arriving by the thousands on the Northern Pacific, and taking five-day stagecoach excursions around the park. By 1971 the park was receiving over two million visitors a year.

The hordes have left their mark, choking lesser geysers with litter till they stopped erupting, trampling campgrounds till only Astroturf could make them green again. During the season’s peak, traffic jams are monumental. The park’s black bears have turned into menacing beggars who have injured as many as 100 people in a season.

But the men who created Yellowstone wrought well. The park is huge, 3,472 square miles, and development has been restricted to only 5% of the land. The back country, neglected by hikers, remains much the way early explorers found it. (The park’s trail guide, describing a spot of particular scenic beauty, remarks laconically, “Probably nobody else will be there.”) Miles from any road lie rarely seen geyser basins, hot springs and even a petrified forest.

On these pages LIFE presents a portfolio of pictures of the park through the century. Beginning this week and lasting through the summer, in National Park Service facilities across the country, ceremonies and public activities ranging from bike-ins to Indian craft displays will commemorate Yellowstone’s birthday. But Yellowstone’s real monument is the magnificent system it inspired: 38 national parks, 84 national monuments and over 150 other sites, all, like their forerunner, set aside in perpetuity as “pleasuring grounds for the people.”

After camping beside it in 1870, explorers named this geyser Old Faithful because of its regular eruptions. True to its name, it hasn’t missed a single performance in the century since.



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Grand touring by hoof and wheel



Old soldier R. E. Gardiner pursued the Nez Percé in Yellowstone in 1877, returned in the 1920s to retrace his steps (left).

Yellowstone's first photographer, W. H. Jackson (above), traveled with a huge camera and a mule-load of chemicals.



Above, members of the Hayden Survey Party of 1871 launched a tiny sailboat named *Annie* to explore Yellowstone Lake.

Right, a recreational vehicle 1924-style. Automobiles were banned in the park till 1915 for fear they'd upset wildlife.



Animals like these fawns have always beguiled tourists. But it was—and still is—more prudent to watch them from afar.

It did not take the bears long to find that tourists meant food (above). The park also still has grizzlies, cougars and wolves.

Right, a vintage stagecoach tilled a tallyho delights park visitors just as it did 60 years ago.

The last herd lives on

Protected inside the park, Yellowstone's wild buffalo survived the great slaughter of the 19th century to become the last herd in the U.S. In 1895 the herd numbered 100 animals. By 1925 they had increased to perhaps 500, when a roundup was filmed for the movie *The Thundering Herd* (above). Today about 800 buffalo range the park, wild and unfenced.





Jim Bridger's real-life exploits as an explorer, army scout and leader of a trapper brigade were almost as unlikely as his wildest yarns. He was in the first party of white men to discover Great Salt Lake and Salt Lake Desert.



After his Yellowstone trip of 1870, Lt. Gustavus Doane commanded an exploration of the Snake River and America's first Arctic expedition. But he never achieved his dream of searching for the source of the Nile.

Exploring a country of tall tales

The first white man to see the Yellowstone country was John Colter, a mountain man who in 1807 split off from the Lewis and Clark expedition to go exploring on his own. When he emerged from the wilderness he told fabulous stories of a land of fire and brimstone that lay beyond the mountains. In the early 19th century, Americans were prepared to believe almost anything about the Far West—that it contained, among other things, woolly mammoths and Indians descended from the Welsh—but they weren't quite ready for Colter. Skeptics nicknamed the place Colter's Hell and reckoned it the creation of an imagination alone too long in the woods.

In the decades that followed, trappers explored the area thoroughly in their search for beaver. But if they knew the truth, they got mischievous when they met gullible greenhorns and used Yellowstone's real wonders as a basis for preposterous yarns. The great mountain man and leg-puller Jim Bridger told of a Yellowstone river that ran so fast its bottom got hot, of an alum stream so astringent it shrank everything, including time and distance, and a canyon where, upon retiring, he would shout "Wake up, Jim!" and be roused in the morning by the echo. Jim said he liked the convenience of fishing in Yellowstone Lake near the outlet of a hot spring. He would hook his trout in deep cold water, retrieve it slowly through the hot flow near the surface, and land it cooked to a turn. Inspired by the glassy black rock of Yellowstone's Obsidian Cliff, he told of the time that he made an easy shot at an elk; when the animal didn't fall Bridger walked closer and ran into a transparent mountain that had deflected his bullet.

Another trapper, Black Harris, ran across petrified wood in Yellowstone's back country and told a lady in St. Louis: "Scalp my old head, marm, but I've seen a putrefied forest." He explained to the astonished woman that the birds were putrefied and sang putrefied songs, that the grass was putrefied, and when his partner tried to cut down a putrefied tree the ax blade broke.

Putrefied? The woman puzzled: "Why, did the leaves and trees and grass smell badly?"

"Smell badly, marm!" exclaimed Harris. "Would a skunk stink if he was froze to stone?"

But the even comparatively unvarnished truth from those who had been there didn't persuade people back East, who were civilized and therefore knew better. In 1869 some men returned with a story of a "valley of death," filled with monstrous hot springs and geysers but no sign of any living creature except for "the entire skeleton of a buffalo that had probably fallen in accidentally and been boiled down to soup." When they submitted an article to *Lippincott's Magazine*, it was rejected with a note saying, "Thank you, but we do not print fiction."

In 1870, five years after the Civil War and a year after the completion of the transcontinental railroad, the Yellowstone country was still a mystery. That autumn saw the first official exploration party, made up of influential Montanans and led by the state's surveyor-general, Henry Washburn, and a young cavalry lieutenant with a passionate yearning to be an explorer, Gustavus Doane. For over a month the men roamed the area, finding wonder upon wonder—Tower Falls, the Upper and Lower Falls, the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, Old Faithful and the other major geysers; they even discovered an enormous mud volcano which no longer exists.

An early biography of Doane, *Battle Drums and Geysers*, recounts the hardships of the trail. Doane was in such pain from a badly infected thumb that he had to plunge his arm in cold rivers at every opportunity. The country was so rugged that the expedition's dog, Booby, had to be outfitted with moccasins. The crows were skulking about and acting surly, and the men went in fear of losing their hair. Nathaniel Langford fell through the thin crust on the edge of a hot spring and narrowly escaped being boiled alive, and Truman C. Everts got lost and wandered alone in the wilderness for 37 days, living largely on thistle roots boiled in hot springs, before he was found emaciated and half deranged. But the trip wasn't all hardship. At night by the campfire they played poker for five cents per bean (a nonplayer was puzzled by another man's calling his bean his "auntie"). In the daytime they prowled the canyons and geyser basins and grew giddy with excitement over their discoveries.

Doane, who had ambitions for an assignment to search for the source of the Nile, disregarded his throbbing hand and calculated, triangulated, surveyed and described everything in sight, recording it all in meticulous and objective notes, but even he got touched by the poetry of the country. Describing Tower Falls he wrote: "Nothing can be more chastely beautiful than this lovely cascade, hidden away in the dim light of the overshadowing rocks and woods, its very voice hushed to a low murmur."

In camp one night the party discussed how they might exploit their discoveries. Realizing Yellowstone's potential as a tourist bonanza, they talked of staking claims on land adjacent to the most spectacular features. But one member of the party, a Montana lawyer and vigilante named Cornelius Hedges, made a remarkably selfless suggestion. "There ought to be no private ownership of any portion of that region," he said. "The whole of it ought to be set apart as a great national park." The idea was adopted enthusiastically by all save one of the party, and immediately upon reaching civilization they began to lobby, lecture and publish their journals. In spite of the explorers' prominence some members of Congress still questioned the tales. (One of the explorers, Jake Smith, kept no journal because "while he did not mind being called a liar by those who had known him well for many years, he would not allow strangers that privilege.") But Lieutenant Doane's report was persuasive in its specifics and carried the authority of the military. A party of surveyors was dispatched, including the photographer William H. Jackson, and after their return it was no longer possible to doubt the wonders of the Yellowstone country. When the park was finally established, Lieutenant Doane, soldier and technician, was deeply moved. "In the future," he said, "when the park shall have been made accessible to the pleasure seekers of the world; when silvery laughter shall echo through its forest glades . . . it will be a satisfaction not to be derived from wealth or honors to have been in some degree concerned in the discovery and development of a new source of pleasure and instruction for the human race."

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PARTING SHOTS

Andromeda's author casts a long shadow in Hollywood

Michael Crichton stands 6 feet 9 and when his blue eyes glitter with excitement he looks like a hyper-oxygenated giraffe. Winning is what excites him most. The year he came out of Harvard Medical School, his sixth novel (*The Andromeda Strain*) made the best-seller lists and a big movie sale. Now only 29, Crichton has attacked an even more exciting career as a moviemaker. This month he will direct his first film, *Binary*, an ABC-TV "Movie of the Week" based on one of his recent novels. Later in the year he will direct *The Terminal Man*, a picture based on a forthcoming Crichton novel that was sold to Warner Brothers for \$350,000 plus a healthy cut of the profits. "I'm loving every minute of this," Crichton told me. "Yes, I'm scared of directing. But part of the game is finding confidence where there's no reason to have any." His employers aren't worried. "We see the man's talent for suspense," says one of them, "and we're thinking we just might have a little Hitchcock here."

Hitchcock was one of Crichton's boyhood idols—Hitchcock and Edgar Allan Poe and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. "My idea of creative success," he says, "is enduring popularity." He grew up in Roslyn, Long Island, the oldest child of the editor of *Advertising Age*, and even as a boy he was a mystery buff. "I loved the intricacy

and the suspense. I've always felt at home in a book or a movie where somebody gets murdered."

There was suspense in Michael's personal life too: would he ever stop growing? "At 14," Crichton recalls, "I stood 6 foot 7 and weighed 125 pounds." Basketball saved him. Though he wasn't a natural athlete, he became a star "because I wanted to be kissed by the cheerleaders in Howard Johnson's after the game." Basketball, he says, "made aggression all right. It taught me that in order to win you could do anything."

At Harvard, Crichton shifted his will to win from athletics to academics, but med school bored him. "Too much about the life of medicine seemed arid, inhuman and wrong." After graduation, he did not take out a license to practice, and does not expect to.

Necessity invented an alternative profession. Short of cash, Crichton cut med school classes for a week at a time and slapslashed off a series of paperback thrillers (*Easy Go*, *Zero Cool*, *Drug of Choice*) at the rate of 10,000 words a day. Under the first of three pseudonyms (John Lange, Jeffery Hudson, Michael Douglas), he sold his first book for \$1,500. He found that his trick of suspense was matched by an adroitness with technical information ("I don't care much about accuracy but I'm a stickler for plausibility"). He also

found that while he wrote his books as novels, he saw them in his head as films—and his characters as movie stars. "I've really been writing movies all along."

Critics sniffily agreed, pointing out that he has no literary tone. "My style," Crichton allows, "is arrogant seventh-gradeism." He admits cheerfully that his stories are based on stolen ideas ("Andromeda is a redo of H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*") and cluttered with Freudian clichés. "Do you realize," he asked me gleefully, "that most of Andromeda takes place inside a five-story circular hole in the ground with an atom bomb at the bottom of it? How about that?"

Crichton also admits a mad flair for plot, the narrative drive of a village explainer and an ego that insists on being first. Yet he sees success as "a deforming process in the same sense that engineers speak of stress deforming metal."

Success broke up Crichton's five-year marriage and sent him into psychoanalysis, but for the last six months the main thing on his mind has been making movies.

"My real concern is that I won't be good with actors. I'm inclined to be cold, and most of the good directors, even the difficult ones, have been warm men. I want unflappable professional actors who don't need to be told how to act—because I can't tell them. . . . It's scary out here, you know. There's no mechanism in the town for keeping people honest. There's this huge self-congratulatory atmosphere that I haven't seen anywhere else but Harvard."

BRAD DARRACH



Michael Crichton fills a doorway

At 91, Jeannette Rankin is the feminists' new heroine

Jeannette Rankin, 91-year-old Montana suffragette, first woman to sit in Congress, implacable pacifist, causter of the sole vote against the American declaration of war on Japan, disciple of Gandhi and a life-long Republican ("What was good enough for my father is good enough for me"), was in Nashville last month to speak to women from 12 southern states about grass-roots political organizing. "We have to make every woman count," Miss Rankin said sternly. "That's the only way to get rid of all these men." Miss Rankin has a low view of male politicians. They start too many wars, she says.

In a national election year,

Jeannette Rankin's political experience and phenomenal energy are helping to make her one of the most popular—and surprising—figureheads of the women's movement. After Nashville she took a plane to New York to receive the first Susan B. Anthony award from the National Organization for Women as "the outstanding living feminist."

She is surely the oldest. Born in 1880 on a frontier ranch, she helped Montana women obtain the vote six years before the 19th Amendment guaranteed nationwide suffrage. Elected to Congress twice, she also voted against America's entry into World War I.

In 1968 she led a peace march to Washington to protest Vietnam, the fifth major war in her lifetime.

Miss Rankin, who has never married, now lives in an 80-year-old house in Watkinville, Ga., with her 29-year-old male secretary. The house lacks nearly all modern amenities, including hot water. ("When we need some, we boil some.") If she isn't traveling she

puts in a good day's work preparing speeches and research on electoral reform, writing letters to editors and legislators and answering fan mail. She eats one main meal a day, which often includes homemade yogurt. Miss Rankin scolds today's women for taking things too easy. "This movement doesn't have the terrific opposition we had," she insists. "I tell these young women that they must get to the people who don't come to the meetings. It never did any good for all the suffragettes to come together and talk to each other. There will be no revolution unless we go out into the precincts. You have to be stubborn. Stubborn and ornery." She smiles with a knowing look. "And when the men make fun of you, that's when you know you're getting on well."

ELIZABETH FRAPPOLLO



Jeannette Rankin argues a point

In a cellblock at South Carolina's Manning Correctional Institution, flyweight boxer Bobby Hunter, a convict serving an 18-year term for manslaughter, walks through the gates to a practice bout. Prison guard Ray Satterfield, right, now Hunter's close friend, has helped coach him to a probable spot on America's Olympic boxing team.



The Olympic hopeful from Prison Ward 6

It is 6 a.m., and prison guard Ray Satterfield is still asleep. The man in his custody, a young black convict named Bobby Hunter, slips out of bed, puts on a sweat suit and runs off into the darkness. Two miles down the road he stops—then turns around and jogs back.

"How'd the run go, Champ?" asks the guard sleepily. "Pretty good," replies the convict. "Think I'll make my weight this morning."

If the exchange seems unusual for a convict and a guard, it is because Satterfield is no ordinary guard and Hunter no ordinary prisoner. At 21, Hunter is perhaps America's best flyweight boxer, a Pan-American Games medal-winner and an almost certain Olympic contender at Munich this summer. He has accomplished this, thanks in part to Satterfield's guidance, while serving an 18-year sentence for manslaughter at the Manning Correctional Institution in Columbia, South Carolina.

Hunter grew up in the black

ghetto of Charleston, S.C., and at 17 in a fit of anger he killed a man with a knife. When Hunter entered prison, the warden remembers, he was bitter and sullen, and prone to picking fights. He stood a good chance of spending his entire sentence in constant trouble.

The turning point came one day when he tried on some boxing gloves in the recreation area. Within a few months he had beaten every inmate in his weight class (112 pounds). Officials decided to allow him to fight in out-of-state AAU matches, providing, of course, he was accompanied by a guard. Hunter was locked up every night in the local jail.

Such measures did not seem appropriate when Hunter qualified for the Pan-American Games last summer. The warden decided to let him pick the officer who would escort him to Colombia. Though nearly one-third of Manning's guards are black, Hunter chose Satterfield, a 36-year-old white na-

tive of South Carolina. A former supervisor in a glass factory, Satterfield had only recently become a correction officer "to work with young people." In his first few months at the prison he had made friends with Hunter in the prison laundry. Once on the road the two men became quite close, with Satterfield taking the role of confidant, big brother, coach and trainer, as well as that of guard. "Mr. Satterfield is my friend," Hunter says simply. "If I have any problems, he'll help me out."

Traveling to bouts, the two wear civilian clothes, and Satterfield, always unarmed, refuses to consider "Bobby's" goal now is to make the



Olympic team," he says flatly. "He's learned there's more to life than hanging out on the street."

Last weekend the pair returned to the prison from a 15-day tour of England and the Soviet Union with other Olympic contenders, where Hunter defeated two of his three opponents. Olympic officials were once wary of adding a convict to the boxing squad. Now a gold medal is not impossible. But for Hunter, the sport may bring an even greater reward: since he took up boxing, the streetwise kid from Charleston has become a model prisoner, and prison officials believe his chances for parole next year are excellent.

THOMAS MOORE



Before a British exhibition match, Hunter and Satterfield stroll along a London street (left). Although the U.S. Olympic Committee pays Hunter's travel expenses, Satterfield's must come from donations.



Between rounds, at an Olympic-sponsored training fight at Camp Le Jeune, N.C., Satterfield applies an ice bag to Hunter's face (below, far left), then gives him some last-minute advice on tactics. A few minutes later, with Hunter victorious, the burly guard joyously sweeps him into the air (below).



PARTING SHOTS



A picture worth 10,000 bucks

What's in a number? Well, cash, for one thing, especially when it comes to presidential politics. It is a campaign maxim that the candidate with the largest crowds has the best chance of shaking out contributions from the political fat cats, who are comforted by the belief that crowds suggest victory. This helps explain why Senator Henry Jackson was dismayed by the photograph above, taken during a Florida primary rally at Winter Haven. The picture was widely distributed by the wire services, and it suggested to some editors that the senator's drawing power was of rather a low wattage. "The lonely stump," headlined one paper. "One man, one vote," chuckled another. "Unfair," complained Jackson, who quickly produced another view of the rally which showed nearly two dozen spectators (right)—not exactly a throng perhaps, but an improvement, at any rate. "I'm not bellyaching about it," Jackson philosophized later. "I laugh about it. But what is it the Chinese say—one picture worth ten thousand words? That picture may have lost us 10,000 bucks."





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